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THE FLYING MAN:

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG INVENTOR.

By HARRY KENNEDY,

Author of "Around the World in the Air; or, The Adventures of a Flying Man," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

Two young men were hurrying down Broadway one afternoon, going in opposite directions, and collided violently with each other.

Both apologized as they picked up their hats.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said one, with very constrained politeness.

"Ah, I beg yours, sir," responded the other. "It was my fault—Why, halloo, Horace, you old rascal; did you do that on purpose?"

"Ha—ha—ha!" laughed the other, heartily. "Is it you Tom, old fellow? I never knew you to have so much momentum before!" and he grasped the hand of an old college chum, shaking it with a heartiness that made his teeth chatter.

"Momentum be hanged!" responded the other, cordially returning the hand-shaking. "Have you converted yourself into a battering ram, warranted to butt everything off the track? If I ever had any momentum, as you call it, you've knocked it all out of me. What have you been doing since we left Princeton—and where are you going now?"

"There you are with your confounded Yankee inquisitiveness again!" laughed Horace, good naturedly. "Will you never get done answering questions by asking more? Are you in much of a hurry now?"

"No—what's up?"

"Come with me, then. I want to tell you something," and he ran his arm through that of his friend, and turned him back down Broadway.

"I'll wager a bottle of champagne that you've been inventing some infernal machine or other," said Tom, as they resumed their walk. "You are never still except when engaged in such deviltry."

Horace laughed, saying:

"I have been busy on an invention which I am perfecting, but I hardly think it can justly be called an infernal machine."

"What is it, then?"

"Well, that is what I will not tell you just now, but come up home with me, and I'll show it to you."

"All right, I'll do it, old fellow. Ha, ha! I'll never forget that automatic door-knocker you fastened on old Stubb's door in Princeton one night. Lord, how it did bang on that door and alarm the whole neighborhood! Have you been getting up something of that kind again?"

"Something better, old fellow, and it will create a bigger sensation, too."

"My curiosity is aroused. What the deuce is it, anyhow?"

"Restrain yourself, my dear boy. Here, come in here a moment," and turning into a store, Horace led the way down to the further end, where he asked to see a certain salesman, who came forward promptly.

"Is my package ready?"

"Yes, sir," and the salesman went into an inner office and brought out a small parcel securely wrapped in paper, and handed it to him.

Horace paid for it, and then went out, followed by Tom.

"Now I am ready to go," he said to his friend. "Let's take a stage for the depot."

"Do you really mean for me to go up home with you, Horace?" Tom asked.

"Of course I do," responded Horace, "and if you don't go I will encompass your destruction in a perfectly legal manner."

"That settles it. Lead on," and they hailed and entered an up town stage which carried them to the 42d street depot, where they entered the cars for Greystone, the home of Horace Mellville's parents.

Horace Mellville and Tom Draper were classmates at Princeton College four years, and were therefore intimate friends.

This was their first meeting since leaving college, and, of course, they had much to say to each other.

It was only a few minutes ride to Greystone, so they were soon there.

"Here we are," said Horace, as the train slowed up, leading the way out of the car.

Tom followed, and in another minute or two they were walking down a beautifully-shaded street which led towards the river.

Greystone was a lovely place, which took its name from the large, old-fashioned building, or mansion, rather, occupied by the Mellvilles. It was built of gray stone, fronted the Hudson, giving a fine view of the noble river from the broad veranda.

Tom had been there before with Horace, having spent two vacations with him, and therefore knew the family quite intimately.

He was welcomed very cordially—particularly by Laura—Horace's only sister, and his father.

"Ah, Tom, my boy," greeted the elder Mellville, "I am glad to see you again. Haven't seen you since you left Princeton. Where have you been all this while?"

"Down in the city, sir," said Tom, turning and grasping

the hand of Laura. "You don't know how glad I am to see you, Laura!"

"Come, Tom, you sly rascal," exclaimed the young maiden, who, having no sisters and an only brother, was almost like a boy in her manners. "I don't believe a word of that. You know the way to Greystone and didn't come."

"Don't be hard on a fellow, Laura," replied Tom, laughing. "You know I am glad to see you. I have a hundred friends I would be glad to meet, but I can't go to see them all."

"Of course not. You are studying law now, and must learn to give reasons whether you believe them or not," and the mischievous maiden looked as independent as you please.

"My advice to you is——"

"Is it professional advice, Tom," she asked, interrupting him.

Tom colored visibly.

"Poor fellow!" she laughed, "your cheek isn't hard enough for a lawyer yet. A successful lawyer never blushes," and the elder Melville laughed immoderately at poor Tom's expense.

"Never mind, my boy," he said, "I've got a case for you now. It will make your fortune if you win it."

Tom looked up eagerly.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Tame that girl, there, and put some sensible ideas in my boy's head," replied the father.

Tom gave a prolonged whistle.

"I can manage Horace, I think, sir," he said, "but she—send for Van Amburgh!" and he shook his head dolefully.

Mr. Melville roared, but Laura's eyes only sparkled.

She was by no means conquered.

Horace had slipped out of the room and was nowhere to be seen.

"Yes," she retorted, "Van Amburgh for me, and an Italian organ-grinder for him. He's very gentle now."

Tom's eyes flashed.

"Laura," he exclaimed, "I'll take the case of both. I'll tame you until you can be led by a hair!"

"That's a bargain!" she cried, extending her hand, which he clasped cordially in his.

"Look out for broken heads," jocosely remarked her father, as he enjoyed the tilt between them.

"Where is Horace?" Tom asked, looking around for his old chum.

"Oh, he's out in his workshop," said Mr. Melville. "He's always up to something mysterious, working day and night, and spending money for things I know nothing of. I've made up my mind to let him go on until he sees that nothing comes of it, and then, perhaps, he'll listen to reason and do something."

Mr. Melville was quite serious, and Tom could see that he felt deeply on the subject.

"Horace was the most talented and ingenious of all the class," said Tom, "and every one in college recognized the fact."

"Good for you, Tom," said Laura. "You'll make a lawyer. Come. Let's go see what brother is doing," and taking possession of him, she led the way out of the house, across a lawn to an old shed, which had been patched up into a respectable-looking workshop.

CHAPTER II.

THE FLYING MAN—TRIUMPH OF GENIUS.

WHEN they entered the shop they found Horace, with his coat off, busily engaged at work on a very curious-looking machine.

"I thought I wouldn't wait for you," said Horace, by way of apology, to his old friend, "as I knew father and Laura would keep you for some time."

"Oh, that's all right," said Tom, laughing, "only you bring a fellow into great peril and then desert him."

Horace looked up from his work in some surprise and asked:

"Peril? I don't understand you."

"You don't? Haven't you got any more sympathy for a fellow than to leave him to the tender mercies of this girl?"

"Oh!" and Horace smiled audibly. "She has been lashing you, has she? Well, you deserve it, for she is the best girl that ever lived, and seldom pitches into any one without just cause."

"There, brother," said Laura, smiling, "I shall tell father that you are becoming sane again."

"Do so, and see if you can manage to keep him off here for a day or two. I am just on the eve of finishing this thing."

"What in the deuce is it?" Tom asked, as he stared at the most intricate-looking framework of steel, silk and wire he had ever seen.

"Oh, don't ask him anything about it," said Laura. "He wouldn't tell you to save your life. If he were to tell you after refusing so often to tell me, I would disown and disinherit him, the ungrateful wretch!"

"How long has he been working at it?" Tom ventured to ask.

"Ever since he came home from Princeton," she replied.

"And he has all this time refused to tell you what he was doing?"

"Yes."

"Laura, let's murder him and throw him into the river!"

"I've had the notion of doing so several times," she said, "but one day he condescended to tell me that he was trying to invent something which, if he succeeded, would make him famous. If he failed, he would be laughed at for all time, hence he resolved to keep it a secret."

"I'm glad you have told me that, Laura," replied Tom. "It shows his head is level. Go ahead, old fellow, and do your best."

Horace kept busy at his work during the conversation, looking up now and then at his beautiful sister, whom he had almost worshiped. He seemed to be completely wrapped up in his work—charmed to helplessness to resist it—and would scarcely stop long enough to eat his meals.

After a while Laura returned to the house, leaving Horace and his friend alone together.

Tom sat down and watched him for two hours, trying to get some idea of what the thing was he was making.

At last Laura came and took him away, saying:

"You might sit there a week and brother wouldn't even know you were present. Come and walk with me among the flowers. I have some very rare ones which I want to show you."

"Thanks! That would certainly be more pleasant than sitting here in silence, watching something one can't understand, though I must confess I am greatly interested."

"Yes, of course; mystery always interests one;" and Laura led him away among her collection of very rare flowers, of which she was very fond.

They wandered about for over an hour, and then returned to the house, where she seated herself at the piano, and played and sang till the announcement for supper was made.

Horace had to be sent for twice before he appeared at the table.

He seemed somewhat excited.

"Tom," he said, "I'll give you a surprise to-morrow morning. Only a few more touches, and then I will be done with it."

"I'll wait for it," said Tom, smiling.

After supper Horace went back to his shop, leaving Tom to the care of Laura, who seemed to like the task of entertaining him. He did not see him again until the next morning, when Horace met him with an enthusiastic greeting.

"I've finished it, old fellow!"

"Well, what is it now?"

"Wait and see—wait and see."

After breakfast they went out to the shop together, and

there Tom saw spread out upon the floor a peculiar framework, the nature of which he could not understand, and a pair of immense wings made of several thicknesses of silk. Above it, connected by polished, slender steel rods, was a series of silk leaves, like the leaves of a wind-mill. Attached to these were a series of self-adjusting frames, cogs, treadles, etc., all light and durable.

The huge silk wings reached at least thirty feet from tip to tip, looking like an immense vampire bat, yet, when Horace touched a certain spring, they quickly folded up, the wind-mill leaves closed like a great umbrella and dropped down and were buried under the great silk wings, the whole thing resolving itself into a sort of knapsack about two feet by four in size, with straps and buckles attached.

"What do you think of that?" Horace asked triumphantly.

"Horace," said Tom, "have you been trying to make a flying machine?"

"Yes, and have succeeded," was the elated reply.

"Never! It has been tried too often. I am sorry for you, but you are doomed to a terrible disappointment, even if you do not break your neck."

"Oh, I don't blame you," chuckled Horace. "Your eyes will yet see what your mind cannot grasp! Here, help me on with this," and taking up the knapsack just as it lay on the floor, he proceeded to fasten it to his body by means of several strong leather straps.

When securely attached he looked like a peddler with his pack on his back, reaching from a level with the top of his head to the bend of his knees.

"What are you going to do now?"

"Wait and see—wait and see," and Horace rushed out of the shop, followed by Tom, who was now thoroughly excited.

Just as Horace reached an open place in the splendid lawn that sloped gently down towards the river, he met his father, mother and sister on their way to the shop to see what his labors had amounted to.

At sight of him with the huge pack on his back, all three stared at him in mute surprise.

A look of disgust came over Mr. Mellville's face as he glared at the pack.

"The mountain has brought forth a mouse," he said, bitterly. "He has invented a peddler's pack. He will want to patent it and call it the 'Mellville pack,' no doubt. I am pained and disgusted beyond measure. Over \$1,000 spent on a peddler's pack! This is the result of overindulgence in hobbies."

Horace did not hear the bitter comments of his father, for he ran out into an open space where there were no trees to obstruct his movements, touched a secret spring in the knapsack, causing the steel rod to shoot up several feet above his head, and the immense wind-mill leaves to spread out like a canopy over him.

The elder Mellville stared now in still greater surprise.

Touching another spring, a light, self-adjusting treadle dropped down behind almost to the ground. Adjusting his foot in the treadle, he worked it up and down rapidly. The canopy revolved with noiseless celerity, and the next moment Horace began to ascend, rising quite rapidly till he reached a point above the tree tops. Then touching another spring, the great wings stretched out, as if from his back and shoulders, waving up and down with the gracefulness of an eagle. With each motion of the wings he ascended higher and higher,

"Horace—Horace, my son!" shouted Mr. Mellville, frantically, running forward and waving his cane wildly above his head. "Come down, for Heaven's sake come down!"

Mrs. Mellville, white as a sheet, ran forward, wringing her hands and screaming at the top of her voice. But Laura ran up to Tom, and clutching him by the arm, exclaimed:

"He has succeeded! Oh, thank God, he has succeeded!" and then fainted dead away.

Tom caught her in his arms, laid her gently on the grass,

her head reclining on his knee, yet keeping his eyes riveted on his flying friend as he sailed majestically over the Hudson to the other side.

When he was but half way over, Mrs. Mellville gave one prolonged, despairing shriek, and swooned away.

Two of the servants carried her into the house, while Mr. Mellville continued to run and shout till he reached the water's edge.

There he stood and watched until he saw Horace alight on the high bluff on the other side, and knew that he was safe.

He then returned to the house to look after his wife, while Tom busied himself in rubbing Laura's hands and temples.

She soon came to, and looked up at Tom with a faint smile.

"You are better now?" he said.

"Yes. I am ashamed of my weakness. I never fainted before in my life."

"I can't blame you. I never was so much surprised in my life. I fully expected to see him fall and be dashed to pieces, but he alighted safely on the other side."

"Tom, brother is a great man. I am proud of him," and she got up and went down to the river bank to see him fly over again.

Horace soon arose in the air, spread out his immense wings, and sailed majestically up to a towering height, working the treadle with his feet, and until he had ascended as high as he wished to go, when he ceased using the treadle, and sailed around in great circles as vultures and eagles do, looking like a great human vampire, a thousand times larger than the most distorted imagination had ever conceived.

Tom kept his eyes on him, dreading an accident of some kind.

But instead of that he saw Horace touch another spring, and the frame work immediately adjusted a sort of skeleton arm chair, in which he sat and sailed around at ease.

"It is the triumph of science and inventive genius," he said to Laura, who still stood by his side on the river bank.

"Yes," replied she. "He has succeeded, and it will be a surprise to the world. But it must be dangerous. Look! He is coming down now!"

Horace saw them on the river bank, and concluded to alight near them.

He circled around and around, descending towards the earth with each sweep, and at last alighted on his feet, the wings and other paraphernalia instantly resolving itself into a knapsack on his back.

"Brother—brother!" cried Laura, rushing forward and throwing her arms about his neck, kissing him all over his face. "Oh, I am proud of you!"

Horace returned her caresses with joy and pride.

Tom grasped his hand and exclaimed:

"You have triumphed over the world, old fellow, and soon all the world will have heard of Horace Mellville."

"I knew from the beginning that I could do it," said Horace, his face flushed with pride and excitement.

Just then nearly half a hundred excited people from the village came running down the lawn towards them.

"Don't tell them," cautioned Horace, as they turned to walk towards the house.

"We saw something like a man with wings fly down this way!" cried an excited villager.

"Yes," said Tom, "so did we, but we don't see anything of him now."

"Good heavens, what was it?" another asked. "It wasn't a balloon."

"No. It looked to me like a flying man."

"Did you see it, miss?"

"Yes," replied Laura. "I saw it and was frightened nearly to death."

"What's that on your back, Horace?" another asked of Horace.

"It's an apparatus of mine," was the reply.

"Where did the thing go?"

"What was it?"

"How near were you to it?" and a hundred other questions were hurled at the trio in rapid succession, all of which were answered evasively.

No one in the crowd suspected the truth, and pretty soon they entered the house, leaving the crowd eagerly discussing the strange phenomenon outside.

Horace met his father in the dining-room as he was going in to see his mother, and smiled.

"What do you think of the peddler's pack, father?"

Laura had reported his father's words to him.

"It is wonderful, my son," he said, "but will be the death of you yet. If an accident were to happen you would be lost."

"I have provided against all of that, father."

"But of what earthly use is it?"

"Immense. To be able to travel through the air is a feat the world will appreciate. You can pass over a hostile country, scale great heights, and do many other things that cannot now be done. But how is mother?"

"You had better go in and see her. The shock was a terrible one."

Horace went in and saw his mother lying pale and still on the bed.

"I am safe, mother," he said, leaning over and imprinting an affectionate kiss on her white forehead.

She looked up at him and then burst into tears.

"I never expected to see you alive again," she said.

He laughed and assured her that he was not in the least danger. Then taking the pack off his back he carried it into his room, where he deposited it on the bed.

"I must have a strong chest made for it," he said, "or else buy a big trunk to keep it in. It wouldn't do to leave it out for any and everybody to be picking at to satisfy a morbid curiosity."

He then went out to join Laura and Tom, who were now in the parlor.

CHAPTER III.

THE BATTLE IN THE AIR.

For hours people were coming and going, anxious to learn something about the strange monster they had seen in the air over Greystone.

But they could learn nothing, as Horace did not care to bring out his wonderful invention to show it and answer the thousand questions that would be asked.

"What are you going to do with it now, Horace?" Tom asked, after they had been seated some time in the parlor.

"I will take several trips with it," he said, "and then see what can be made out of it. I anticipate lots of fun with it. People in the country will think I am Gabriel, I guess, and be frightened out of their wits. I am going to start on a trip to the Catskills to-morrow morning."

"How I wish I could go with you," said Laura.

"So do I, but it won't carry two; besides, you are even heavier than I am."

"Yes, I am a big lump of sugar," said she, smiling.

"I would eat you were you not my sister."

"Just leave that pleasant job to me, Horace," remarked Tom. "Her father has given me the job of taming her."

They laughed heartily and then went out to the workshop, where Horace busied himself in arranging his tools so as to keep them secure in his absence.

Early the next morning Horace prepared for his trip, taking leave of his friend, who said he would return to the city, much against Laura's protest, kissed his mother and sister, and shaking hands with his father, strapped his knapsack on his back and went out on the lawn to make his ascent.

He arose majestically in the air, not spreading his wings until he was up a thousand feet, when he stretched them forth and sailed away toward the blue-capped Catskills in the distance.

Hundreds of villagers watched him until he seemed but a

speck in the distance, and was at last cut off from view by an intervening cloud.

"This is glorious," said Horace, seating himself in the silk net work and working the treadles with his feet. "She works like a charm! I can go against a hurricane almost. What a beautiful scene! It looks as though I can see a hundred miles of land. The Hudson looks like a broad ribbon of silver stretching away up towards Albany, losing itself in the distance. How about the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air now? Show me the eagle that can outfly me. There's a cloud ahead of me, and I'm going to go through it."

In a few moments he was enveloped in a damp mist that shut out the sight of the earth, and he felt as though a heavy dew was falling upon him.

But he passed through the cloud out into the brilliant sunshine again, and swept grandly on over the Catskills, over the wildest, unfrequented parts, where tall peaks and dense woods seemed the abode of eternal solitude.

Suddenly he heard a peculiar scream, and on looking to the left he saw two immense eagles swooping around and around, uttering their shrill cries, until five more joined them.

"Ha-ha-ha!" chuckled Horace. "I'm a bigger eagle than all seven of them put together! They don't know what to make of it. They are coming closer to see what it means. By George, I believe that fellow intended to strike me!"

The seven eagles now filled the air with their shrill cries, circling around him, darting here and there as though half inclined to attack.

Suddenly one of them made a swoop at him, and fastened his claws on his cap, tearing it off his head and inflicting a scratch that caused blood to trickle down his forehead.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "who'd have thought that? Wish I had brought my shot-gun! I'd pepper them well. If they all attack me at once I'll have my hands full. Confound that rascally fellow!"

An eagle made a swoop at him, brushing his face with his wing.

He had nothing but his hands to defend himself with, and was quite nervous, as their claws were like knives.

"Try that again, old fellow," he said, as one of the feathered kings made a swoop close to him. "I think I can break your wing with my knife."

The next moment the eagle made another swoop, and Horace threw out his right hand with the knife to protect his face. The knife struck the left wing of the bird and almost severed it.

With a shrill scream the eagle tumbled over and over, falling down—down to the mountain top half a mile below, while the others turned and made a combined attack on the bold invader of their exclusive domain.

CHAPTER IV.

CURING A FOOL.

Of all the feathered tribe the eagle is said to be the fiercest. He will attack anything that presumes to intrude upon his domain. He has always been master in the air, and his shrill cry has never failed to send dismay and terror among the less powerful winged tribe.

No doubt, when they first saw Horace with his immense wings outspread, they thought him an intruder whom they were bound to destroy or force to retire, hence the fierceness of their attack upon him.

Horace saw the imminent danger in which he was placed, and knew that the chances were against him unless he could get something in his hand with which to beat them off.

Already one had snatched his cap from his head, a sharp, steel-like claw inflicting a painful wound from which the blood trickled down his face.

Those of our readers who do not know the strength or daring of the great eagle can form some idea of it when he learns that he has been known to swoop down upon a flock

of sheep, seize and carry away an almost full-grown ewe. He has been known to turn upon a large shepherd dog who tried to defend the sheep, drive his sharp talons through his skull, killing him almost instantly; he has been known to seize and carry away small children. Knowing these familiar facts of eagle history it is not to be wondered at that Horace promptly realized his danger when the six eagles made their combined attack upon him.

With only the knife with which he had disabled one he knew could not successfully contend with them.

If he could get near enough to strike with that they would be close enough to strike also, hence he would be in danger of losing an eye, or ear, or of having his jugular cut.

Quick as a flash he unscrewed a steel rod that formed a part of the self-adjusting chair. It was about four feet long and weighed a little over two pounds.

"Now come on, ye winged devils," he cried, wielding the rod triumphantly over his head. "You can't break my wings, but I can smash yours. Whoop—whack. How's that, eh?" and whirling the rod quickly around to the right he dealt one of his assailants a powerful blow on the head which sent him tumbling towards terra firma like a lump of lead.

The eagles seemed to know that another one of their number had been slain, and redoubled their savage attacks, circling around him, shrilly screaming, and almost striking him in the face with their terrible talons.

"Here's at you!" cried Horace, giving another blow that broke a wing. "Go down and keep the other company, and you, too!" dealing another blow that landed on an old fellow's back with a force that would have almost felled an grown man. The eagle staggered, fell some ten or fifteen feet, recovered himself, and, with a defiant scream, returned to the attack.

"Plucky, but a feathered fool," said Horace, watching for an opportunity of finishing him.

There still being four of them, he had to be watchful and strike quick, for they are daring and quick themselves. He aimed several blows which were successfully dodged, seeming to jeer at him for his want of skill.

But after a few minutes of vigilant watchfulness he dealt another a blow that broke his wing, going over and over, screaming so frantically that the other three flew down to his assistance, as if they would fain try to uphold him.

Horace watched them until the wounded eagle struck the earth—the others flying around the mountain top as though quite satisfied to let their unknown antagonist alone.

"If you would only bring back my cap," he said, "I would forgive you. But that can't be done, so I must go it bare-headed. This confounded muss has just played the deuce with me. But I'll know what to do next time. I'll have an arsenal full of weapons for defense, and have 'em handy, too. How I wish I could have captured one of those fellows and carried him home with me."

Adjusting the steel rod back to its place in the skeleton chair, Horace seated himself and looked around at the broad panorama that lay before him, in search of some town or village.

He could see nothing that indicated the presence of man.

"This is the wildest part of the Catskills," he said. "No wonder the eagles are quite thick about here. I'll keep straight ahead and see how the land lies."

As he was going at a pretty good rate he soon saw a large, white-looking spot on the mountain side, and on bringing his large opera glass to bear upon it, discovered that it was a large house.

"That must be one of the mountain resorts," he said. "If it is I can get a hat there and find out where I am. There's an open place back of that woods there, a half mile away. I'll alight down and walk up to the house."

So saying, he commenced working the wing treadles so as to enable him to make circles that brought him nearer and nearer at each round, till at last he touched the ground as lightly as though stepping down from a chair.

"That was well done," he said. "Better than I expected. If a hard wind had been blowing I could not have done it." And, touching the springs, everything quickly disappeared in the knap-sack on his back.

He then started towards the house.

In a few minutes he struck a road leading in that direction.

He followed it.

When almost in sight of the house he met several men who were running towards him.

Each man carried a gun.

They all seemed greatly excited.

The foremost man rushed up to him with:

"Say, you peddler fellow. Did you see it? Where did it alight?"

Horace looked hard at him a moment or two, and then turned to the next man who came up, and asked:

"What's the fool talking about?"

"That's what we all want to know," replied the second man. "It seemed to have wings from tip to tip, and must have settled down just over there in that clearing."

"Was it a bird?" he innocently asked.

"Guess it must be," said another, "as they are about the only things that fly now-a-days."

"Except riches," suggested Horace.

"You didn't see it, then?" demanded another, somewhat angrily.

"I haven't seen a bird to-day, sir, larger than an eagle, who impudently swooped down on me and snatched my cap off my head, giving me this scratch," and he pointed to the wound on his head and the blood on his face.

"Did an eagle do that?"

"Yes, sir."

"But the thing we saw was larger than a thousand eagles," said one of the seven.

Horace smiled.

"What do they have to drink up at the house there?" he asked, and the incredulous smile on his face angered the man who first hailed him as a "peddler fellow," who turned on him with:

"Say, you called me a fool just now."

"Did I?"

"Yes, you did. I've a mind to give you a good thrashing for your insolence."

"You had better change your mind then, and your manners, too, or you'll get very ill. I always carry an antidote for fools with me. It cures them, but makes them very sick sometimes."

His coolness angered the man still more, who handed his gun to a friend, threw off his coat, and pranced around like a wild man.

"Gentlemen," said Horace, "I am a stranger to you, but if you will give me your words of honor that you will not interfere, I'll cure your friend of his distressing malady in just three minutes."

An elderly man, who had the appearance of a well-to-do city sport, stepped forward, gun in hand, and said:

"I'll see you have fair play, young man, and bet \$100 that you are the best man. I will also bet \$1,000 that I shoot the man who interferes with these pious proceedings."

"That's enough, sir," said Horace, instantly unbuckling his pack and depositing it carefully on the ground. "I am a humanitarian in every sense of the word, never charging a penny for my services. Now, sir, for the first dose."

The man was not in the least abashed by Horace's remarks, but put up his guard scientifically as Horace advanced upon him.

Horace saw at a glance that the fellow had taken lessons in the noble art of self-defense, but he had not gone through the rough-and-tumble contests of Princeton College, where only the best man could keep his feet in a boxing match.

"One, two, three, down you go!" exclaimed Horace, dealing him a blow on his nose that made the claret fly in every direction except upward, and sending him to grass.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed the elderly sport, "that was well done. \$1,000 to \$100 on the young man."

"Do you feel better now, sir?" Horace asked.

"Go to the devil!" growled the man, deliberately drawing his handkerchief, applying it to his battered nose, and starting back toward the hotel, followed by a roar of laughter from the others.

CHAPTER V.

MEETING FRIENDS.

HORACE smiled as the man walked away.

"He is cured. I never knew the remedy to fail. He'll never call another summer tourist a 'peddler fellow.'"

"Oh, that was the provocation, was it?" exclaimed the elderly sport.

"That and nothing more," replied Horace, putting on his coat and preparing his knapsack.

"Give me your hand, young man; I like to see a man take care of himself. You are going to Round Top House?"

"Yes."

"Here's my card. I shall be happy to make your acquaintance, sir."

Horace took the card and read the name of "Sylvester Earle, New York."

"And here is mine, sir," responded Horace, handing him one of his cards.

"Horace Mellville, Greystone. Young man, your father and I were college mates at Princeton. We have not seen each other in many years." And Earle grasped his hand with a warmth and heartiness that touched him. "Come up to the hotel and get acquainted with my family. By George, if you hadn't licked Sadler, I might never have found you out."

"Thank you, sir," said Horace. "I am very glad to meet you. I shall have to try to buy or borrow a hat from somebody about here."

"Yes—yes, of course. We can get you a hat in place of the one you lost," and Mr. Earle introduced him to the other gentlemen who were with him.

They all received him cordially, and escorted him to the hotel, where Sadler had reported that he had been set upon by a ruffian of a peddler and beaten.

When he entered the hotel with Mr. Earle and the others, the landlord was on the point of refusing him accommodation, when Mr. Earle remarked:

"Mr. Mellville is the son of an old friend of mine, landlord. Give him the best you have in the house."

"Certainly, sir," and the clerk turned the register to him to enter his name, and then assigned him a good room.

While he was being shown up to his room, where he bathed and dressed his wound himself, Mr. Earle was relating to over fifty guests of the house, male and female, the story of his encounter with Sadler.

"His father is a retired business man, with only two children and plenty of money," he said, turning towards the ladies. "He goes about over the mountains for the exercise, and because has all the time he wants. Lord, how nicely he laid Sadler out?"

A half hour later nearly a dozen new hats were sent up to Horace's room, out of which he made a selection. They came out of various trunks in the hotel, and had never been used.

He selected one, paid for it, and put it on his head preparatory to going down-stairs.

As he descended, he saw that he was the cynosure of all eyes, as the story of the eagle snatching his cap and wounding him excited a great deal of comment.

The young ladies seemed greatly interested in him because Mr. Earle had reported him as single, and the son of a rich father.

"Here, Mellville, my boy," called out Earle, as he approached. "Come here. Let me make you acquainted with my daughter—Mr. Mellville, Essie."

Horace bowed with all the grace he possessed to a lovely young blue-eyed witch, who blushed and smiled by turns.

In less than five minutes he was introduced to not less than a dozen young ladies whose parents were summering there.

Essie Earle took possession of him by right of priority, and insisted on his telling her the story of the eagle and his cap.

"Oh," he said, "he just snatched it and flew away with it, that's all."

"And he hurt you?"

"Yes—gave me an ugly scratch on the head."

"What did you do?"

"Why, I got mad, of course, and said some very hard things about the great American eagle."

The girls all laughed, declaring him real witty.

"Why do you walk over the mountains, Mr. Mellville?" one of them asked.

"Because I enjoy it better than any other way, and because it promotes my health. I would advise you to do the same thing."

"Ah, dear me, I am too healthy now," the young lady cried, and they all had another laugh, during which Earle and several gentlemen joined them, making quite a lively party.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ROBBER TRAMPS.

THAT night all the guests came in from a tramp, fishing and hunting in the vicinity, and filled the hotel quite up to its capacity. There was music and dancing, in which Horace did not join, as he had on nothing but a business suit of clothes, not dreaming that he would stop at a summer hotel when he left home.

"I'll know what to do on my next trip," he muttered to himself, "and will be prepared for a thing of this kind. Wouldn't I just like to go in there and trip the light fantastic with some of those girls. Blest if I don't believe they like a fellow who goes tramping about over the mountains with a knapsack on his back."

He spent the evening very pleasantly, though, with a party of gentlemen out on the broad piazza, in the moonlight, where they were frequently joined by numbers of ladies. But he retired early, for he was thinking of a plan to remedy his lack of several things which this, his first trip on the wing, had convinced him that he must have.

"Those eagles would have gotten away with me," he said to himself, in his room, "if it had not been for that steel rod. If I had dropped the rod I would have been in a bad way, because I could not have folded up the thing when on the ground. I must get up something that will give me all the advantage, and I am going to do it."

Before his eyes closed in sleep he had invented just what he wanted, and only waited to get back to his shop to put it into shape.

When he came down to breakfast the next morning, he found that Sadler had paid his bill and left on the stage.

But still Earle and a dozen others declared that the winged monster they saw the day before was not the result of distorted vision or imagination, but a real thing—a fact.

Two passengers in the coach that morning, from another hotel five miles away, mentioned the excitement created by the sight of an immense bird flying through the air the day before.

"It's body was like a human being's, as seen through a glass," said one of the new arrivals.

"The deuce!" exclaimed Earle.

"Yes, sir. I looked at it myself, and distinctly made out a human form with arms, legs and wings."

"Oh, mercy!" exclaimed one of the ladies, with a shudder of horror. "I am really afraid to go out of the house when such things are flying about. They say the monster alighted within half a mile of the hotel yesterday. Maybe that was what attacked you, Mr. Mellville?"

"I am quite sure it was an eagle," said Horace, "as I have seen a great many of them."

"What can the other thing be, then?"

"Ah, that is the question. Who can answer it? I am going out for a tramp over the mountain to-day, and hope to see something of this wonderful bird."

"Oh, Mr. Melville," cried Essie Earle, "let us girls go with you, please?"

"Yes, do let us go!" cried half a dozen in a chorus.

"Couldn't think of it," said he firmly. "You couldn't stand the fatigue, for I'm going right through the woods, over crags, precipices and everything else that comes in my way. I want to see nature in all her rugged wildness, and may not return until late to-night."

"Oh, that's real mean," sighed pretty Sadie Winthrop, who seemed particularly anxious to go with a party on a tramp along the mountain roads.

"I will take you on a tramp in a few days," he said.

"Well, now, don't forget that," said Sadie, "for we do want ever so much to go."

"I will not forget it," he replied, and went up to his room to put on his flying knapsack.

He passed out of the hotel, and struck out up the road on the lookout for a stout hickory sprout which he wanted to cut for a club in case he met any more eagles.

He soon found one and was pleased with it, after which he sought a small clearing where he could ascend high enough to use the wings, when he wished to dispense with the elevator and depend on the wings entirely.

When ready he touched the spring that controlled the elevator and treadles, which shot out of the knapsack with quick snaps.

Placing his right foot on the treadle he worked it rapidly, and in a moment he arose gracefully in the air, high above the tree-tops.

Touching the springs that controlled the great wings, they shot out and instantly obeyed the action of the other treadle worked by the left foot.

This done he lowered the elevator and folded it in its place, depending on the wings, which, in the absence of any strong winds, was all he needed. He commenced making great circles in the air, rising higher and higher, till he was over a half mile above the earth.

Then for over an hour he sailed around and around over the hotel, knowing that every eye there was fixed upon him. He took off his hat and waved it at them, after which he went over towards the wild part of the mountain in search of eagles, first taking a good view so as not to lose the spot.

In another hour he was out of sight of the Round Top House and over that part of the mountains not yet occupied by man. He soon encountered two eagles who showed fight. One he instantly killed, and the other made off, after getting a hard blow from the stout hickory club.

Seeing no more eagles anywhere around, he concluded to return to the hotel and see what kind of a story they would tell about the monster bird.

"But I'll alight about two miles further off this time," he said, "for fear some fool will take a notion to give me a load of squirrel-shot."

Striking a straight course, he went with the speed of an eagle, the great wings outstretched and held perfectly still, which course, unless facing a breeze, lowers the birds as they go.

He struck an open place, put up the elevator, folded his wings, and let himself down to the ground with great ease.

A moment later he appeared to be simply a man with a knapsack on his back.

"Now for the road," he said, and started in an easterly direction, knowing he would be sure to strike it that way.

He did strike it sooner than he expected, and started along towards the hotel, using his club as a walking cane.

When he had gone nearly a mile he was suddenly seized by five villainous-looking tramps, who rushed out from a clump of bushes by the roadside, brandishing knives and

pistols in very unpleasantly close proximity to his head and body.

"What yer got in yer pack, sonny?" demanded a grizzled old tramp, whose bleary eyes, bloated face and filthy clothes denoted the roving vagabond with whom crime was a familiar thought.

"Nothing of any value to anybody but me," he replied.

"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled the old villain. "Maybe so and maybe not. Ef it's good fer yer it's good for us—eh, pards?"

"Yes—cheese it!" said another; "run 'im down in ther hollow 'way from the road."

Two of the villains seized him by his arms and ran him down the mountain-side below the road.

He knew it would be useless to resist, as the wretches would shoot or knife him in a moment.

The sun was even now behind the mountain, throwing long shadows eastward over the great forest.

When they had reached the bottom of the gorge two of the wretches commenced tugging at the knapsack, one of whom started to cut the straps that bound it to his body.

"You are going to rob me," he said, coolly. "I cannot resist. It would be useless to do so. I have here in this knapsack that which will make you all rich men. Let me take it off. You can have it. Only let me go. No need to murder me, as I wouldn't know you again."

"Stop that chinnin', an' take it off," excitedly cried the grizzled, old tramp, who seemed to be the leader of the gang.

"Yes—yes, of course," said Horace, looking up to see if the trees would interfere with his ascent. There was quite an open space overhead, and he stepped back three or four steps, touched the elevator spring, when down dropped the treadle and up shot the elevator to the amazement of the tramps.

Quickly placing his right foot on the treadle, he set the elevator revolving. Its broad wings expanded, and in another moment he began to ascend.

"Fury!" roared the old tramp, "he's goin' up," and made a dart forward to catch him by the foot.

Horace gave him a kick in the mouth with his left foot that sent him back stunned and bleeding; but another, a lithe, active, young villain, sprang forward and caught him around the ankle with both hands in a vise-like grip.

Horace tried to shake him off, but in vain.

The man held on.

To descend now would be in the jaws of death.

He worked the treadle with redoubled energy.

Would the elevator lift their combined weight?

Slowly it arose, then, as if receiving new power, shot upward, and in a second was above the tree-tops.

"Oh, God, save me!" screamed the villain, clinging to Horace's foot as his only chance for life.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TRAMP'S TERROR.

THE weight of the man was a terrible strain on Horace's leg. It pained him almost beyond endurance, but he could not shake him off.

The wretch, knowing that to let go would be death, held on with a death grip.

Horace had left his club on the ground. His knife he still had, but could not use it, as he could not get at him with it.

He glanced down at the terrified wretch and beheld the most appalling countenance he had ever looked upon in all his life.

The ignorant tramp scarcely knew what he had hold of—only knew that to let go was to die, so he had no other recourse but to hold on.

He looked pleadingly up at Horace, gasping:

"Mercy—mercy!"

"No—no!" replied Horace, "you would have shown me none! I am sorry for you, but you would not have me descend with you to be murdered?"

"Mercy—mercy!" gasped the wretch, still weaker.

Horace suddenly gave his foot a twist and jerk, and with a despairing yell the tramp shot downwards like a stone.

"God, but this is horrible!" exclaimed Horace, "but it was either him or me. If I could have carried him to the hotel I would have done so, and had him arrested, but I could not, for I couldn't work the wings with him hanging on to my foot."

Touching the other spring, the great wings expanded, and with his foot in the treadle, he turned his course towards the road again nearer to the hotel, where he alighted and hastened forward on foot.

When he reached the hotel he found the guests greatly excited over the great event of the day.

They had all seen the unknown thing flying high up in the air.

"Oh, Mr. Mellville!" cried Essie Earle in maidenly excitement. "I saw it through a glass, and it was a man! A man flying a mile up in the air!"

Horace smiled.

"Maybe you girls can see a man further than a man himself can," he suggested.

"Oh, you horrid thing!" exclaimed Sadie Winthrop, striking him with her fan. "All the gentlemen said it was a man, too."

"Then it must have been a man," said Horace gravely, "though I never thought one of the sterner sex could be such a high-flyer."

Half a dozen fans struck him at once.

"You think we do all the high-flying, do you?" Essie asked.

"Well, haven't you ladies monopolized that art heretofore?"

"Worse and worse," said Sadie. "Send for somebody to shoot him. But really, Mr. Mellville, what do you think of it? What can it be?"

"Why, you just now said it was a man," he remarked, with most provoking coolness.

"Well, it was a man," she retorted, with a decided emphasis.

"Then I can account for it in only one of two ways. He must be either an angel, or else a man floating about in space, blown up by one."

The girls looked at one another a moment, and then at him, as though uncertain as to his meaning.

Suddenly Essie Earle cried out:

"Girls, he's making fun of us! He says it's a man some girl has blown up!"

"Oh, the horrid wretch!" exclaimed a dozen at once.

"Now look here, young ladies," said Horace, laughing, "you are unjust to me. You declare it was a man?"

"Yes, and he actually waved his hat at us!" said Mr. Earle, entering the parlor at the moment.

"Oh, fudge!" exclaimed Horace, incredulously. "I think we'd better hold some temperance meetings here and circulate the pledge. It might improve the eyesight, if nothing else."

This only brought down more indignation on his devoted head.

"We all saw him do it," cried a dozen at once.

"That settles it. I believe you. Did anybody ever eat a slice of the moon? I've heard it was a green cheese."

"Look here, young man," said Mr. Earle, "you are the obstinate juror this time—one against eleven; it's no use."

"Then let's set a trap and catch him. That'll settle it," he suggested.

"How? What kind of a trap?"

"Oh, some kind of a trap that will catch him alive."

"But he'd have better sense than to be caught in a trap," suggested Mr. Earle.

"Not if you put one of these girls on the trigger as a bait," replied Horace.

A chorus of exclamations burst forth, and the young summer belles again belabored him with their fans.

Thus two or three hours passed, and the flying man was the all absorbing theme of conversation with everybody.

The cooks in the kitchen sent word to the proprietor that four tramps were at the door telling a wonderful story about the flying man having taken up one of their number and flown away with him.

Of course, that created more excitement.

The landlord ordered the cook to give them a supper, and send them into the ball-room, where all the guests could hear their story.

Now was their grand opportunity. They felt their importance, and demanded the best the house afforded, and got it.

In the parlor, a half an hour later, the four tramps, scarcely over the great fright they had received, stood up and told their story.

"We was jest a walkin' along the road," said the old grizzled villain, "when all of a suddint we heerd a rushin' noise over us, an' ther next thing we knowed a flyin' man, with wings as big as a ship's sails, swooped down an' picked up poor Jim, jist like a hawk takes up chickens, an' flew away with him, an' we ain't seed him no more."

Just at this time Horace, who had been standing just outside the door and heard all that was said, entered the room and walked up towards the tramp, looking the old grizzled villain full in the face.

They all saw him about the same time, and turned pale as death.

He approached nearer and nearer, and the evident terror of the wretches was apparent to the whole of the crowd, many of whom turned to see what had occasioned it, when the old rascal who had been telling the story, gave a yell of dismay, wheeled to the right and plunged through the window, which fortunately for the landlord was raised.

The other three followed in a trice, yelling like men frightened utterly out of their senses.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RETURN HOME.

THE sudden and unexpected retreat of the terror-stricken tramps created profound astonishment among the guests of the house, and directed such attention to Horace as to force him to explain.

"As I came along the road this afternoon, at a point some two miles from here," he said, "those fellows rushed out from a thicket and tried to rob me. I managed to get away from them with the loss of only a stick, which I had cut in the woods. When they saw me enter this room, they thought, I suppose, that I came in to denounce them and cause their arrest—which I did intend to do—and they thought it best to get away."

"Why didn't you mention it before?" a gentleman asked.

"Because I never blow about such things, for the reason that every one does not believe them."

"Sensible," remarked Earle. "I am sorry the rascals got away. I don't believe a word of their cock-and-bull story now."

The entire house full of guests disbelieved the story of the tramps, and yet the idea that a man was flying about in the air over the Catskills revived the thousand and one old legends of the old Dutch settlers.

The next day Horace and Sadie Winthrop were walking arm-in-arm on the lawn in front of the hotel. He was telling her about his sister Laura and her boyish ways, at which she laughed heartily, and said:

"How I wish I could see her; I know I would love her, for we are such opposites."

"Just what I thought, and, therefore, would like to have you know her. I will try to persuade her to come up here this next week to stay awhile, so you can get acquainted with her."

"You will come, too, will you not?" she timidly asked.

"Yes, of course."

She seemed happier after that, and chatted livelier than ever.

"Oh, you sly ones!" cried Essie Earle. "Off all to yourselves talking soft nonsense, are you?"

Sadie blushed crimson, but Horace came to her rescue:

"Yes, I was telling her about my sister Laura, who will be here next week if I can persuade her to come. She is just the girl to make you behave yourself."

"She is, eh?" retorted Essie. "Well, no woman ever ruled another yet, though she may rule an empire. I would like to see her. If she is as ugly and impudent as her brother she must be horrid."

"There, now!" exclaimed Horace, with mock gravity, "see what a temper you have! You ought to marry the flying man, and——"

"Stop, or I'll have you arrested as a common nuisance. Will you go fishing with our party this afternoon?"

"Indeed, I cannot. I am going to start for New York this morning."

"What! Going away?"

"Yes—within an hour."

"Well, that's mean of you, I must say, and young men so scarce, too."

"It's the hardest thing I ever did to tear myself away from such lovely companionship, but I want to bring my sister here. If she were only here, my happiness would be complete."

"Then bring her by all means."

"I will. I have promised never to marry except it be to the woman of her choice."

"Ah—ah!" from both the girls.

Horace laughed and seemed to enjoy the sensation he had created.

An hour later he paid his bill and left the hotel, going down the road in the direction of the railroad, which was several miles away.

He soon found a spot where he could make an ascent, and with a stout stick which he had cut in the woods, he ascended to a high point, spread his wings, lowered the elevator, and seated himself in the skeleton chair ready for a good sail.

The air was balmy and clear. He could see a great way off, and many villages were seen which he had not noticed before.

"This is glorious," he said. "It makes a man master of space almost. I pay no railroad fare, but run my own road. I'd like to take a trip out West, or down South. The Indians and negroes would think the world was coming to an end. By the way, this thing can carry more weight than I had any idea of. It just lifted that rascally tramp right up over the tree-tops yesterday. If the wings and elevator were both used at once, it would carry three or four times my weight."

When he passed over a village he would make several wide circles like an eagle, in order to give the villagers a good chance of enjoying the sensation.

At last he approaches Greystone, and resolves to make a quick descent and get into his shop before any one on the premises knew anything about it.

This was not difficult to do, as instead of the circles he made a straight shoot, striking the lawn about half way between the river and the house.

Hurrying into the shop—the key of which he had in his pocket—he deposited the pack, and then ran into the house to see his mother.

He burst into the house and took them all by surprise.

"Brother—brother!" cried Laura, springing into his arms and kissing him all over the face, "I am so glad you have come. I knew you would come home safe."

Mrs. Mellville took him to her heart and wept tears of joy.

"I thought I would never see you again, my son," she sobbed.

"My mother, I have been safer than if I had been on a railroad car," he said, as he grasped his father's hand. "My

machine is absolutely safe. Every piece is duplicated, so that if one breaks the other will hold."

"But if they both break?" he asked. "What then?"

"Not half as much danger as a train of cars on a bridge," he replied cheerily.

"Where have you been?"

"All over the Catskills—stayed two nights at the Round Top House. I want you to go there with me, Laura. Such jolly times they are having there."

"But I'd rather go by boat or rail," said Laura.

"Of course. You don't suppose I'd fly away with such a big girl as you, do you?" and they all laughed heartily.

The next morning Horace went to work in his shop, and made a quiver in which to carry a number of things he had found need of, such as a light double-barreled shot-gun, several rods, twine, an opera, or spy-glass, and a ball of strong silk cord, almost as large as ordinary twine.

Going down to the city a day or two later, he bought him a silver-mounted seven shooter, which he could carry in his pocket. He then hunted up Tom, and related to him the fun his trip had afforded him.

"Go up to the Round Top House, Tom," he said.

"There's lots of girls and no end of fun up there. Laura is going up next week."

That decided Tom.

If Laura Mellville would be there, he would go.

He agreed to go on the following Monday, and Horace went on his way to Greystone.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LAST DAY—A NEW TRIAL.

WHEN everything was in readiness Horace put his machine in a case he had prepared for it, and took the train with it and Laura for Catskill, where they took the stage on the other side of the river for the Round Top House, which place they reached just before sunset.

Of course they were welcomed by nearly all the guests, particularly by Essie Earle and Sadie Winthrop.

Laura was as pronounced in her style of beauty as in mental character, and ere she had been twenty-four hours in the hotel several marriageable young men were paying court to her, to the consternation of both Essie and Sadie, who, heretofore, had divided the conquests between them.

"Have you seen anything of the Flying Man since I left, Miss Winthrop?" Horace asked.

"No, and I begin to suspect you of being the demon of it all."

"Me! Me fly!" he exclaimed, in well feigned astonishment, "I only wish I could."

"What would you do?"

"I'd fly away with a little blonde I know of," was the reply, at which Laura laughed and Sadie blushed.

Late on Monday Tom arrived, and the two old chums were again together. But Horace soon saw that Tom was more interested in Laura than in the flying machine, and gave him up to Laura's tender mercies at once, being himself divided between his invention and Essie and Sadie, with the chances decidedly in Sadie's favor.

Two days later Horace concluded to have a sail over and beyond the mountains, among the farmers and stock raisers. So, going to the nearest village, he bought at a tinware store a large tin horn six feet in length, a blast from which could be heard for several miles.

With this he started out, first making up his mind to go over a certain camp meeting not many miles away from the village.

Rising on the wing he seated himself in his place, and swept the earth with his spy-glass for the camp-meeting.

At last he found it.

It was in a lovely grove, and he could hear the melody of a thousand voices singing: "Rescue the perishing," rise in the air.

Around and around he circled over the camp ground, blowing tremendous blasts on his tin trumpet.

The whole camp-meeting broke up in terror, people running hither and thither, some falling on their knees and praying as they never prayed before.

It seemed that the minister had just been preaching about the Angel of the Lord flying through the air, blowing on his trumpet, warning the nations of the earth that the end of the world had come.

The first blast of the trumpet caused many to look up.

The minister himself looked up and turned pale.

Another long blast and the preacher cried out:

"This is the last day! Behold the Angel of the Lord!" and then fell upon his knees in terror-stricken fear.

"Toot—toot—too-o-o—oot—toot!" went the trumpet, and away went Horace, tooting as long as he thought those at the camp ground could hear it, and soon he was out of sight, going over into the more fertile regions, where the farmers could experience a little of the fear he had inspired at the camp-meeting.

As he would pass over a village every house would be emptied of its occupants, and the blasts of the tin trumpet set them all to wondering what it meant.

"If I only had on a long white robe and long yellow hair," he said, "I'd scare some of those people down there out of a year's growth. Nothing could make 'em doubt that Gabriel had come tooting his horn."

Still he dared not fly low; lest some irreverent hunter should shoot at him.

Suddenly he heard a rumbling of distant thunder, and on looking toward the southwest saw a very threatening black cloud rolling up, with now and then forked tongues of lightning darting out of it.

"A summer thunder shower," said he to himself. "It won't hurt if the wind doesn't blow hard."

More thunder and lightning, with louder crashes and fiercer flashes.

"Halloo!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Oh, Jerusalem! why didn't I think of that before? These steel rods will attract lightning enough to consume the whole thing in just two seconds! What a fool I am not to think of that before! Close up, wings—up, elevator! Down we go into somebody's cornfield. Blessed fine inventor I am to go sailing in the teeth of a summer thunder cloud chuck full of electricity, with steel rods all around me! Oh, what an ass!"

In a few minutes he was settling down into a cornfield whence came the fierce barking of a dog, and a moment later he saw a terrified farmer flying towards the farm house as fast as his heels could carry him.

"Very good, old fellow, only don't come creeping around with your old shot gun."

Folding up everything into the pack on his back he started towards the house, to see what effect his presence had produced on the old farmer.

He had not gone far before he heard the words:

"Halt thar!" followed by the ominous clicking of a gun.

"Well, I'm halted," he said.

"Who be yer?"

"Horace Mellville, of New York."

"Kin yer fly?"

"Yes—but not in the face of a thunder storm," he replied.

Horace could see no one, but he knew enough to stand still and await developments.

Suddenly he saw a farmer rise up from behind a stump, level a gun at him, and say:

"Fly, or I blow yer head off!"

"All right—let me get my wings out," and turning the quiver containing his double barreled gun around so as to conceal it from view, he got the gun out, and wheeled around with:

"Now fly, or you are a dead man!"

CHAPTER X.

AN ASTONISHED COUNTRYMAN.

On finding himself staring into the muzzle of a double-

barreled shot-gun the old farmer became utterly demoralized.

His courage all oozed out.

His eyes distended and his hair stood up on an end.

"D--d--don't shoot!" he stammered.

"Drop that gun!" sternly ordered Horace.

Down went the gun.

It exploded, the entire charge passing between Horace's legs, but not touching him.

But it raised him about three feet—about as high as he could leap.

"The devil, man!" he exclaimed, "did you shoot at me?"

"N--n--no! I—I didn't—go tu du it!" stammered the terrified farmer, his bronzed face ashen hued.

"Why, you came near shooting my legs off!" said Horace, still leveling his gun at him. "I've a mind to blow your head off."

"D--d--don't do it, m--m--mister. Don't!"

"What the deuce did you draw the gun on me for, anyhow?"

"I—I didn't know who you was," he replied, "an'—an'—I was so scairt, mister."

"Couldn't you see I was nothing but a man?" Horace asked.

"Waal, I kin now," said the farmer, regaining a little self-possession, "but when a man flies inter my cornfield like a crow I kinder thought it war time tu git ther gun."

"Why, I am only a man like yourself," said Horace smiling. "But because I had ingenuity enough to make me a flying-machine, so I could fly about and see the country, you want to shoot me. I had to come down here in your cornfield because I didn't like to get mixed up with the lightning of that thunder cloud up there."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the amazed farmer.

"Mister, is that so?"

"Every word of it, sir!"

"Waal, I swanny! Cum right up tu ther house, mister. Marier will be glad tu see yer, an' so'll Jane Matilda."

"Thank you," said Horace, advancing and grasping the farmer's hand. "Be careful how you shoot at big birds on the wing hereafter, for people will soon be flying about as thick as flies."

"Yu don't say so."

"Yes, I do. This is a wonderful age we live in, you know," and as the big rain-drops began to patter down, Horace turned his face toward the house.

The farmer led the way, and in a few minutes they were under the roof of a substantial farm-house, upon which now poured a deluge of rain.

The farmer's wife and two daughters came forward and stared at him, thinking he was a peddler, and naturally expected to see him display some pretty and tempting wares from his pack, while waiting for the rain to cease.

"Marier!" exclaimed the farmer, as his wife and daughters came forward, "this 'ere man kin fly like a bird."

"What's that, Josiah?"

"I say this 'ere man kin fly."

"Josiah Jenkins, be yu crazy?"

"Let me explain, madame," said Horace; "I simply have a flying machine with which I fly wherever I wish to go. Your husband saw me in his field. I desired to escape the storm, and am under many obligations to him for the privilege of resting under his roof."

The amazement of the mother and her two daughters was simply unbounded.

They stared at Horace and his pack as though they considered him something supernatural.

But when Horace unbuckled the straps and let the pack fall to the floor, leaving him standing there in all the pride of conscious manhood, the elder of the two daughters smiled, and said:

"Well, I must say you are the first man I ever heard of who could fly."

Horace laughed good naturedly and said:

"You don't read your Bible often, then, I fear."

"Yes, I do," said she, quickly. "I have read the Bible through three times."

"Well, every angel you read of then was a flying man."

"What!" exclaimed all three at once. "All the angels men?"

"Yes. Have you ever found anything in either the old or new Testament where an angel was mentioned as 'she?' If you have, and can show it to me, I will put up a silk dress for each of you."

The mother and daughters looked at each other as if astonished.

"Waal," retorted the old lady, "you've got impudence, anyhow."

"I suppose you don't believe women go to heaven, anyway, do you?" queried the daughter.

"Oh, yes, I do. They nearly all go there, for they are angels on earth, full of virtue and goodness. But when the Lord wants to send out an angel to do anything, he sends a man angel. They don't make the women work in heaven."

This explanation at once restored him at once to their good graces, and they proceeded to entertain him in the best way they knew how.

In a couple of hours the thunder storm had passed over, leaving the air cooler and more refreshing than before it came.

Thanking them for their kindness, he buckled on the pack, and went out into the yard, whither the entire party followed.

Touching the elevator spring, that indispensable part of the machinery shot up some ten feet above his head, and spread out as it revolved, going faster and faster as he worked the treadle with his right foot.

"Look—look, ma!" cried one of the daughters, as Horace began to ascend. "He is going up!"

Horace kissed his hand to the excited young maiden as he went up.

"Waal, I never!" gasped the old lady, gazing after him as he ascended above the highest tops of the highest trees on the place.

"I swar tu gracious!" ejaculated the old farmer. "I never expected tu see a man fly!"

When up a good distance, Horace spread his wings, lowered the elevator to its place on his back, and sailed away with an ease and grace that charmed as well as astonished the farmer's family.

He was scarcely out of sight of the farmer's house when he saw a collection of white cottages among the trees some little distance on his right.

At a considerable height above the village he saw an immense kite floating, and on looking through his glass, saw that a number of young men and their village sweethearts were flying it.

"I'll have some fun with that kite," said Horace, making straight for it.

The young people very soon caught sight of him, the magnitude of his wings of course creating a sensation.

There was not, perhaps, in the whole village a single spy or opera glass, hence they had to depend on the eyesight to make him out.

He sailed majestically up to the kite, detached it from the string, blew a long, loud, triumphant blast on his tin trumpet, and then sailed away with the prize.

"Ha—ha—ha!" he laughed. "Just look at 'em down there! The whole village is in an uproar. See how they pour out of the houses! They will never forget that day as long as they live. Every little country paper in this part of the state will have whole columns about it for months."

When nearly a dozen miles from the village he let the kite go, and it made its way earthward in a zigzag course. Horace then increased his speed to a tremendous rate in order to see how far he could go before sunset.

By keeping up the speed at his best he saw by noticing objects below that he was making good time. In a couple

of hours he noticed many lights below, and objects became quite indistinct.

"It's time for me to land somewhere," he said, "find out where I am, get something to eat and a little rest."

He soon found an open place and gradually settled down to his natural sphere.

CHAPTER XI.

ARRESTED FOR MURDER—THE ESCAPE.

THE place where he alighted was on the outskirts of a small village, though no one had seen him descend.

He appeared at the nearest house and asked if there was a hotel in the place.

"Yes," said the man, "the tavern is right down the street there," and then the man looked hard at him. "Be you a peddler?" he asked.

"No; I am only a traveler."

"Which way did you come?"

"From New York."

"Then you came right by the tavern."

"Didn't see it if I did. Much obliged to you, sir," and turning away, Horace trudged along down the street till he came to the little tavern, which he entered without ceremony and asked for quarters for the night. He was given a good room, and he retired at once, after taking supper, as he desired to think over a plan to render his steel rods harmless in the vicinity of lightning.

He lay awake nearly the entire night thinking, not falling asleep until long after midnight. How long he slept he cared not, as time was his own, and at quite a late hour in the morning he rang for a servant to bring his breakfast to his room.

As soon as he finished the meal he buckled on his pack in order that he might go out and rise on the wing in front of the hotel.

But when he descended with the pack on his back he was astonished at seeing an unusual number of people about the place.

A constable stepped up, and laying a heavy hand on his shoulder, said:

"You are my prisoner, sir."

"What for?" demanded Horace.

"For murder."

"Murder!"

"Yes—the murder of Jim Osgood last night, or late yesterday evening," replied the constable, tightening his grip on his shoulder.

"That is a very serious charge, constable," said Horace. "Who makes it?"

"Here's my warrant, filled out with your name as you wrote it on the register last night. I hope you are innocent, but it's my duty to arrest and lodge you in the county jail."

"But see here," said Horace, seeing the situation growing desperate. "Do you know of any man in this part of the country who ever saw me here before?"

"That has nothing to do with the case. The court is the place to try your case."

"But who'll pay damages to me for this outrage?"

"Bring him along, constable," shouted a voice in the crowd.

"He's the chap!" cried another.

"Hang him!" yelled a third, and in a few minutes nearly two hundred angry villagers were gathering around him, clamoring loudly for vengeance on him as the supposed murderer of Jim Osgood, an inoffensive farmer, only a mile or two beyond the village, on the night before.

"Come along, sir!" said the constable, and Horace went along unresistingly, followed by the entire crowd as an escort. When out in the middle of the street Horace touched the elevator spring and the elevator shot up out of the pack with a snap that made the constable start.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Horace, in well-feigned surprise and alarm, "something is broke loose. Just wait a moment till

I can get this pack off, or we'll all be blown to the devil in just two minutes!"

"Lord save us!" gasped an old man who had been very officious in assisting the constable with his advice, making a sudden dash for safety. The constable stepped back in alarm, and the crowd kept at a safe distance.

In the meanwhile, Horace put his right foot on the treadle and set it going. The elevator expanded its sails, and the next moment he was going up like a rocket.

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed the dumfounded constable, as he gazed up at him, "he's going up!" and the exclamations of wonder and consternation beat anything Horace had ever heard.

"I say, constable!" he called out to him, "have the jail ready for me by the time I return!"

Spreading out his great wings and taking down the elevator, he sailed around and around in circles like an eagle.

The constable drew his revolver and fired two shots at him.

"Two can play at that game, my fine fellow," said Horace, taking out his shot-gun and peppering the constable with bird shot, which sent him yelling into a house.

Never in the history of that county was such excitement seen as then followed. The people ran into their houses and took down all the old rifles that had been hanging up for years, determined to fight for "The green graves of their sires," to the bitter end.

"This won't do," muttered Horace. "I must get out of range before a bullet hits me," and working the great wings for the purpose he soon rose out of reach of the enraged villagers.

"Oh, no—not if I know it," said Horace. "I don't sleep in any jails. I am not a jail-bird, but another kind of a bird. I don't know anything about a murder last night. Never hurt anybody unless somebody got frightened. Good-bye, constable. You have seen the show for nothing," and with that he blew several loud blasts on his tin trumpet and then sailed away in the direction of the Catskills again.

It was a long distance, but he put his invention to its full strength and speed, and during the afternoon came in sight of the Round Top House.

Of course he alighted, as usual, some distance from the hotel, knowing that Tom and Laura would keep his secret as they had promised.

On his way to the hotel, trudging along the road with his pack, he was surprised to meet Sadler and two ill-favored looking men.

"Ah! we meet again, sir," said Sadler, boldly, placing himself in his way.

"Yes, I often meet fellows of your stripe," retorted Horace.

"So you do, and sometimes you get punished for your impudence."

No sooner had the word "impudence" escaped him than Horace planted a blow between his eyes that landed him on his back.

The other two at once charged on him, but Horace drew his revolver and chuckled:

"Ha, ha, ha! you want to be punished, too, eh?"

They recoiled from before the muzzle of his weapon.

"Get away now," he said, "and as fast as you can. This is an unhealthy place for you."

They went away, getting out of reach of his revolver, when they stopped to watch his proceedings.

CHAPTER XII.

PUNISHING AN ENEMY.

SADLER scrambled to his feet in time to see himself deserted by the men he had basely hired to help him to get even with Horace.

"You stand still there, sir," ordered Horace, "or I'll put a bullet into you! Did you hire those men to attack me?"

"No."

"Yes, you did. What were you doing with that coil of rope there?"

"I—I didn't have any rope," said he, turning pale as death.

Horace saw the rope on the ground, but knew not which of the three men had dropped it.

"Pick it up and tie it securely around your chest under the armpits."

"What for?"

"I am going to hang you on a corner of the new moon," was the reply.

Sadler tried to smile.

"Do as I tell you, sir," sternly.

Sadler picked up the rope and tied it securely around his chest.

Horace took the other end and secured it to a broad strap that passed around his own body, then he raised the elevator and commenced working the treadle.

When he began to ascend Sadler seemed utterly dumfounded, and when he found himself going up he uttered a despairing shriek that sent terror into the hearts of the base wretches who had deserted him.

"What are you going to do?" he pleaded and begged, as he went up higher and higher above the tree-tops.

"I'm going to hang you on a corner of the moon," replied Horace. "You are too pure and good to live on earth."

"Mellville, I—I'll do anything you wish if you will only let me down," pleaded the terrified man.

"What would you do?"

"Anything."

"What did you hire those men for?"

"To help me get square with you."

"Well, you are square now, are you?"

"I am satisfied."

"So I suppose, but I am not. I will tell you what I am going to do. I will take you over that spur there and duck you in the lake. Can you swim?"

"Yes."

"All right, then," and Horace adjusted the wings and sailed straight for the lake, which was about a mile from the Round Top House.

He found two or three pleasure yachts sailing about on the little lake, full of gay pleasure seekers, many of them from the hotel where Laura and Tom were staying.

Making several graceful circles in the air, he made a swoop that let Sadler strike the water with a splash, hanging some twenty feet below.

Wild shrieks of alarm went up from each boat save one.

That one contained Tom, Laura and two other girls, Essie Earle and Sadie Winthrop.

The cool self-possession of Tom and Laura kept their companions from becoming alarmed.

When once ducked Horace arose in the air with his victim, made another swoop and splashed him again.

But to his surprise he remained in the water.

Sadler had cut the rope.

He preferred to swim out to swinging in the air again.

"Swim out!" Horace cried, as he felt himself relieved of his burden.

Several boats at once put for his relief, but he reached the shore in safety, and made his escape into the woods without being found out by any one in the boats.

"Halloo, Tom!" cried Horace, as he recognized his old chum.

"Halloo, yourself!" replied Tom; and Essie Earle cried out:

"Ah, it's Mr. Mellville!" and was almost overcome with the discovery.

"Yes," said Laura, turning to Sadie Winthrop; "it is my brother, with his flying machine."

"Oh, mercy, how he has been fooling us all the time!" exclaimed Sadie, in great excitement.

Horace gave a tremendous blast on his little tin trumpet, sailing around and around over the little lake, but finally

concluded to settle down on the shore and join Tom and Laura.

"Ah! Mr. Mellville!" cried Essie Earle as she sprang ashore and greeted him, "you are an awful man for deceiving us so."

Horace laughed.

"I only wanted to prove to you that a man could be an angel, you know," he said.

"Well, you have not done so," she replied, "for angels never deceive."

"They don't, eh? Did the woman ever live who didn't deceive either her parents or her husband—yet they are all angels."

"I will forgive you," she said. "But I hope you won't fly away with me."

"Keep well chained to earth, then, for I can steal with impunity, since nobody can pursue me, you know."

"Brother," exclaimed Laura, as she sprang out of the boat and ran into his arms, "I am so glad to see you. Where did you stay last night?"

"About a hundred miles from here," he replied, returning her sisterly caresses.

"I was uneasy about you."

"Well, you should not be. I can take care of myself. How has Tom behaved himself during my absence?"

"Oh, he's been a good boy," laughed Laura, blushing slightly.

"Yes, you think so, no doubt," remarked Essie. "He has done nothing but wait on you all the time, leaving us to admire his gallantry at a distance."

"How's that, Tom?" Horace asked.

"I've tried, Horace, and can't wait on but one at a time. These darlings want about ten men each to talk love to them all—"

"Throw him into the lake!" cried Sadie. "That's rank treason."

"So it is," remarked Horace, drily. "Take him in and duck him, ladies."

"I would if I had my bathing suit here," said Essie. "His impudence is only equaled by his want of gallantry."

"Miss Sadie," said Horace, "would you like to fly over the lake with me?"

"Mercy!" gasped the little maiden, "how could I?"

"I will tie you to my side."

"No—no—I—yes!"

"That's a good girl," and Horace took the rope he had given Sadie such a swing with, and proceeded to lash the young lady to his side.

When all was ready he arose up in the air, slowly but surely, and Sadie, losing heart, threw her arms about his neck and screamed.

"Be quiet, dear," he said; "you are as safe as on the ground," and he clasped her around the waist and kissed her.

"None of that!" cried Tom, from below.

Horace spread his wings and sailed grandly around and around with her, his left arm clasping her slender waist and pressing her to his side.

"Don't be alarmed, little one," he said, "for you are perfectly safe. Ah, if we could only fly through life this way!"

"Look there!" she exclaimed; "what large birds are those?"

Looking straight away on his right Horace saw three immense eagles flying towards him.

"Eagles, by the Lord Harry!" exclaimed Harry, "and they mean fight!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DOUBLE FLIGHT.

HORACE WAS in a dilemma.

He had to defend himself and another, with the disadvantage of having that other individual lashed to his side.

At first Sadie did not realize the danger, but when she saw the fierce looks and terrible talons of the "kings of the air," she almost fainted through fright.

"Oh, Mr. Mellville!" she cried, tremblingly, "please descend—I don't want to go any further."

"We cannot descend with safety now, as they would pounce upon our heads and tear our eyes out. Oh, don't be uneasy; I fought and whipped seven of them the other day, and can easily take care of these."

With that Horace drew his revolver, and keeping his left arm around Sadie's waist, watched the eagles as they circled around them.

Soon one of them made a swoop at Sadie's hat, but Horace raised his weapon quickly and fired, and the eagle gave a wild, shrill scream and commenced falling.

He was shot square through the body.

His companion then made a fierce attack, and Sadie screamed as loud as the two eagles.

Bang—bang—bang! went the revolver in rapid succession. The third shot broke the eagle's wing, and he fell fluttering into the lake below, where Tom and Laura immediately took steps to capture him.

The first one shot was dead by the time he reached the water.

"You see," said Horace, turning to Sadie, "we are the two best eagles on the wing."

"Yes—you are I am no eagle, I can't fly, you know," was her timid reply.

"Oh, I'll make a pair of wings for you," said he, laughing.

"Oh, that would be grand! If I could fly like this I would fly away to Heaven."

"I don't think you would."

"Why not?"

"Because I would fly after you, and bring you back."

Sadie flushed scarlet, but there was a happy light in her eyes.

"You are not frightened, now?" he asked, as they arose higher.

"No—not with you."

"Thanks. With you tied thus to my side I could fly around the world."

"Oh, you have got me up here now, where you can say anything, and I can't help myself."

"Then I'll have a kiss, if you are so utterly helpless," and he placed a hand under her chin, raised her blushing face, and imprinted a kiss on her pouting lips.

"I can't help myself," she said, laughing.

"And I'm glad you can't. If I had a nest on some mountain peak where man could never reach us, I would carry you there."

"Then I am glad you haven't," she retorted, "for I don't want a nest on a mountain top. I prefer a more cozy little cottage in some valley, where the rippling waters and the birds make music all the day long."

"What a lovely, romantic picture! Of course you would want a mate in such a bower of bliss!"

"Oh, yes, of course. But I would want a husband who wouldn't fly away and leave me to pine alone."

"You would want a husband that could fly, then, would you?"

"I think it would be best to have one who couldn't fly, for then he could not fly away and leave me," she replied.

"Oh, you are a sly little philosopher, Sadie Winthrop," and Horace could not refrain from snatching another kiss from her cherry lips.

Then taking the tin trumpet, he woke up the echoes far and wide with long sonorous blasts upon it.

He even taught her how to use it, saying:

"You must learn to be my bugler."

After over an hour on the wing, they descended, alighting near the spot from which they ascended.

"Oh, Sadie!" cried Essie Earle, running to her and catching her in her arms, "were you not frightened?"

"Yes, at first. But oh, Essie, it was heavenly!"

"Would you like to go up with me, Miss Earle?" Horace asked.

"No, indeed!"

"See here, Horace," said Tom; "that's a sly way you have of taking a girl up in the air, where you can talk love to her without fear of interruption."

Sadie blushed crimson.

"Look out, there, Laura!" cried Horace, turning towards his sister, who was teasing the eagle with the broken wing. "If he gets hold of you you will yell worse than a pig under the gate."

"Sadie," whispered Essie to her companion, "did he talk love to you?"

"No," whispered Sadie; "he talked foolish, just like other young men."

"Just what I thought. What did he say?"

"Oh, it was all on the fly, and I don't remember."

Essie fairly screamed with laughter, to the infinite surprise of Sadie.

"I hope it was funny," remarked Laura, as they all turned and looked at Essie.

"What was it?" Tom asked.

"Sky secrets," replied Essie, amid a general laugh.

"How are we going to get this eagle up to the hotel?" Tom asked, as he turned to the bird, who fiercely resented any attempt to approach him.

"I'll carry him up for a dollar," said one of the boatmen in charge of the little sail-boats.

"That's a bargain," said Horace. "Bring him along," and leaving Tom to take care of Laura and Essie, he tendered his arm to Sadie Winthrop and led the way homeward.

But the boatman never dreamed of the tremendous contract he had made with the Flying Man, in agreeing to carry that wounded eagle up to the hotel!

The bird had free use of his legs and beak, and the first attempt to take him resulted in a volley of "cuss" words that made the air blue around him, for the eagle shook hands with him, putting up his national grip on him.

"Let go, you tarnal bird of freedom!" yelled the boatman.

He gave the eagle a kick with his raw-hide boots that nearly knocked the life out of him.

"You blasted screamer!" growled the boatman, as he held up his torn and bleeding hand. "I've a mind to kick all the feathers off of you. If you belonged to me, I'd make fish bait out of you in less than no time. Get up here!" and going for the bird again, he found him as game as ever, ready to strike at every chance.

Finally he was forced to employ a fellow boatman to aid him, and after incredible time and trouble, he landed him at the hotel.

"Here he is, boss," said the boatman. "But it's the last 'un I carry with his feathers on. Why, blame it, boss, that 'ere bird is worse than a wild steer or a mad dog. He's the old Nick himself."

The man was paid double for his trouble, and the eagle became quite a sensation to the guests of the hotel.

A favorite dog belonging to one of the visitors paid dearly for his curiosity, the eagle giving him a taste of his claws that sent him howling around the corner.

CHAPTER XIV.

LOVE ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

Of course the news that Horace Melville was the Flying Man created the most intense excitement among the guests of the hotel.

Every one wanted to see the wonderful pack and examine its intricate machinery; but Horace declined to exhibit it, saying:

"It is not patented, gentlemen, and therefore I do not propose to give it away. You can see me go up to-morrow in front of the hotel."

Sadie Winthrop, young and timid as a fawn, was looked upon in the light of a daring heroine, in view of her ascension with him, and the fight with the eagles, and she was the cynosure of all eyes, as well as the subject of a ceaseless flow of questions, until her eyes were closed in sleep.

Pretty Sadie was in love with Horace, and would have braved death a thousand times with him. Her joy was in being with him—not as flying in the air—and hearing the words he uttered to her.

"Oh, I hope he will take me up with him again!" she muttered to herself a hundred times ere her eyes closed in sleep that night.

Early the next morning Horace was out on the lawn in front of the hotel, with his pack on his back, ready to fly up for the benefit of the assembled guests of the house.

The ladies were in a flutter of excitement over the affair, and the men were no less interested.

Sadie Winthrop was standing on the steps of the hotel.

"Would you like to go up again, Miss Sadie?" he asked.

She smiled, and said:

"If you wish to have me go I will do so."

"Come on, then."

She wrapped a little shawl about her and joined him on the lawn, where he proceeded to secure her to himself, but in a manner somewhat different from that he used the day before, and she reminded him of it.

"Yes, I know," he said, "but you will be more comfortable when we get up on the wing."

She said no more, but permitted him to tie her as he thought best.

When everything was in readiness he touched the elevator spring, and the elevator shot up with a snap. The treadle set it going at a tremendous rate, and in a half minute or so they began to ascend.

Sadie clung to him and he to her, both waving their unengaged hands to the crowd below.

Cheer upon cheer followed them, which were renewed when Horace spread out the great wings and sailed lazily around in great circles.

"Now you will see why I tied you differently from yesterday," he said to Sadie. "I wanted to make you more comfortable," and with that he touched a spring, and the frame work adjusted itself into a regular skeleton arm-chair, with a silk netting seat.

He seated himself in the chair and drew Sadie into his lap, while his feet continued to work the treadles.

"See how comfortable we are now," he said. "You can hold on by placing your arm around my neck, and I can encircle your waist, and—kiss you!"

"Behave yourself, sir. Well, well, what will they think below there? They are looking at us through their glasses."

"Well, let 'em look. We can look down on 'em, you know."

Sadie smiled, blushed, and looked happy.

"Sadie," said Horace, after a pause, "do you know why I wanted you to come with me to-day?"

"No. Why?"

"Because I wanted to get you up above the clouds and tell you something. There is a beautiful cloud now out there. Shall we go to it?"

"Yes," she whispered, her face all aglow.

He steered straight for the cloud, and in a few minutes all view of the world below was cut off.

They seemed to be floating in a sea of tiny rainbows, the reflection of the sun on the floating mists.

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Sadie. "How romantic."

"Yes, indeed," said Horace, "but not half so lovely as you are in my eyes. I love you, Sadie Winthrop. I want you for my wife. If you refuse me that I will fly away with you anyhow."

He drew her to him and kissed her.

"Do you love me, darling?"

"Yes, yes," she murmured. "I love you, Horace Melville. I will be your wife. Fly away with me if you like."

Anywhere in the world with you," and she threw her arms around his neck, kissing him a dozen times.

"My happiness is complete," he said. "Sadie loves me. Above the clouds she kissed me. Darling—darling!"

Just then they passed out of the cloud, and they caught a glimpse of the earth a mile below spread out in a grand panorama such as no artist had ever portrayed on canvas.

But it was some time before the happy lovers looked at the scene, so engrossed were they with each other.

Sadie was the first to notice the scene, and asked:

"Where are we going now?"

Horace looked around a moment or two and said:

"Hanged if I know. We are a long way off from the Round Top House, though. I think we are now up on a strong current that is carrying us northward."

"Oh, mercy! Can we get out of it and get back again?"

"Yes, we can go anywhere, darling. Let's go up and see Albany?"

"Can we get back before night?"

"Yes."

"Then go. Oh, won't we have something to tell when we get back!"

In a couple of hours they came in sight of Albany, and steered straight over it, sailing around and around until they were satisfied every man, woman and child in the city had seen them.

"There lies Troy out there," said Horace, pointing out the places of interest to his lovely companion.

After sailing around for some time they turned and started back towards the Catskills. They were forced to get much nearer to the earth on returning, to avoid a certain current of air running northward.

They flew steadily, and in three hours came in sight of their hotel.

"There!" cried Sadie, "they are watching for us. See! They are all out on the lawn."

"Yes. They will have a thousand questions to ask you when we alight."

"Oh, yes, and I'll have two thousand things to tell them."

"Remember, darling, that you are my promised wife. I shall tell no one but Laura of it. She approves my choice. You can talk with her. I shall go away to-morrow to be gone for some time. I am going to cross the continent to California and return. Go home with Laura when she goes. She will ask you."

She promised to do as he said, and a few minutes later they alighted in front of the hotel.

"Where in the world did you go?" Tom asked.

"To Albany," was the reply, as they entered the house.

CHAPTER XV.

"HO! FOR THE WEST."

THE next morning Horace paid his hotel bill and took leave of his friends, saying he was going to San Francisco on the wing.

Everything in readiness, he kissed Laura and Sadie, and rose up in the air.

Spreading his great wings, he made a bee-line westward, determined to see how many miles he could make before sunset.

Steadily he worked the treadle all day, sometimes resting a quarter of an hour, leaving the wings outstretched to float him, only guiding it as a pilot guides a ship.

Towns and villages were passed in endless succession; rivers and mountains and valleys were crossed, and still the west spread out into an illimitable distance before him.

When night came, he found he had made over 300 miles, and was elated that he had beaten the railroads.

He found accommodation in a village hotel, the clerk of which took him for a peddler, and he took no pains to disabuse his mind.

The next morning he resumed his flight, and made even better time, having a good breeze in his favor. The broad

Ohio was reached, and that night, three hours after the stars came out, he landed in Cincinnati, alighting on the outskirts, and taking a street car for the heart of the city, where he put up at the Bennett House.

He was quite tired, and retired early.

The next day he spent viewing the sights of the city, and making purchases of such things as he had found need of on his trip so far.

"I need a small water-proof tent," he said. "If I have to descend in order to avoid a thunder-storm, I may not always find a house convenient. Out on the plains I certainly will need it. I may as well get one here as elsewhere. I want a lunch basket, too."

Before the day ended he had made all his purchases, and attached them to his frame-work, so as not to discommode him in his flight. He then spent the evening writing to Sadie, Laura and his mother, telling them of his plans and destination.

The next morning he went out upon the business street of the city and made ready to ascend.

As he started up he yelled:

"Help—help! Save me—save me!" at the top of his voice, and people ran in all directions, greatly excited.

"Ha—ha—ha!" he chuckled, as he saw thousands of faces turned up towards him, "they think some kind of an infernal machine has got away with me. Why, there's twenty thousand people in the street gazing up at me!"

Spreading out his great wings, he sailed away, leaving the queen city of the West behind.

"Now for St. Louis," and keeping the broad, silvery Ohio in view he sailed westward, rising as he advanced.

"What a magnificent country!" he exclaimed, as the view spread out for miles upon miles in every direction. "Such fields of grain! Such lovely rivers! I don't wonder the star of empire is in the West."

Late in the afternoon the great "Father of Waters" came in sight in the distance.

"The Mississippi!" he exclaimed. "What a grand river it is! It loses itself in the distance as it rolls onward to the sea. I never thought I would see it this way. This great valley could feed the whole world. Ah! that must be St. Louis in the distance there; yes, it must be, as a heavy smoke hangs over it, and the river runs by it. Yes, there's the Missouri rolling into the Mississippi above the city. Why, what a wonderful city it is! It spreads out for miles and miles in every direction!"

The shadows of night enabled him to effect a landing without attracting attention. He took the street car and rode into the city, where he put up at a hotel, and made himself comfortable.

Taking up a paper the next morning, he saw a telegraphic account of the sensation he had created in Cincinnati the day before, when he cried for help as he went up.

He had a quiet laugh all to himself over the affair, and resolved to give St. Louis a similar sensation when he started out again.

He spent the day in seeing the sights of the city, and that night he attended the theater.

The next morning he prepared to resume his trip, and went out into one of the crowded streets of the city to make the first start. Finding a good place he touched the elevator, worked the treadle vigorously, and cried out in lusty tones:

"Help—help! I'm being flown away with! Save me!"

Men dashed toward him, but he was out of reach in a moment, going straight up over the housetops. He kept up his calls for help as long as his voice could be heard. The street below was a sea of upturned faces, ere he was a quarter of a mile high.

"Ha—ha—ha!" he laughed, "how is that for a sell out? That's something new in the way of practical jokes."

Spreading his wings to the breeze, he lowered the elevator and seemed thus to be transformed into an immense bird, sailing lazily away towards the boundless prairies of the West.

That night he rested at a small country village on the western border of the State, and there saw the change between St. Louis and the rough life of the border.

He was stopping at the only hotel in the place, which contained one of the two bar-rooms of the town. He never drank any liquors, but remained in the bar-room because the bar was in the reception room of the hotel.

Several men were there drinking all the evening, some of whom were more or less under the influence of the stuff they had drank.

"I say, stranger," said a tall, rough looking, unkempt individual, "have a drink with us?"

"Thank you, sir," said Horace politely, "I never drink liquors."

"You don't!" exclaimed the man. "What in tee-total blazes do you drink then?"

"I drink water when I'm thirsty," was the quiet reply, "and tea, coffee or milk when I feel so disposed."

"Waal, now, come and drink some whisky with me?"

"Thanks, but I will not."

"Ah, yes, you will. Fill up another glass, Bill."

The bartender filled another glass.

Horace kept his seat.

The bully drew a bowie knife and said:

"Now git up and drink like a man, or I'll slit your wizen for you!"

Horace quietly arose to his feet, knowing that coolness and decision alone would save him, drew his revolver, and aiming at the astonished bully, said:

"Drop that knife."

"Don't shoot!" gasped the man.

"Drop that knife!"

Down went the knife.

"Hold up your hands!"

Up went his hands,

"March out of here!"

He marched out without saying a word.

"Take care of his knife, barkeeper," said Horace to the bartender. "If he comes here to-night we'll have a funeral to-morrow. I keep a private cemetery, and every sleeper in it died for the want of sense enough to mind their own business, and let other people alone."

This was said so quietly that the few roughs in the room actually believed it, and accordingly regarded him as a great man "on the shoot."

Some of them went out and told the discomfited bully that he had waked up a man who kept a private cemetery. It had the effect to keep him away until Horace took his flight from the village the next morning.

The village being off the line of both railroad and telegraphic communication, had not heard of the progress of science in the great outside world, consequently, when Horace went up and out of their midst on the following morning, the people swore he was the devil.

Horace was now sailing over the great prairies of Kansas, and as mile after mile were passed, illimitable rolling country seemed like a solidified ocean. Herds of buffalo were seen here and there. Occasionally a small train of white-covered wagons could be seen winding slowly along over the plain.

Away on the right the Kansas Pacific railroad could be seen, but Horace desired to keep off from the road in order that he might see the wild west in all its glory.

But when night came on, he could see no habitation, and he could see fully ten miles in every direction, so he resolved to alight, take out his shot-gun, and see what he could kill in the way of small game for his supper.

Accordingly he descended just before sunset, and soon roused up a flock of prairie chickens, one of which he killed on the wing. Making a fire of buffalo chips, he was about to commence operations to cook supper, when he discovered that he had no water.

"This will never do," he said. "I must keep on till I find water, if it takes all night," and rising in the air again, he

made a flight of twenty miles, and alighted on the bank of a small river.

There he found plenty of wood for fuel. He made a fire, cooked the prairie hen, pitched his tent, and proceeded to make himself comfortable.

But he did not take off the pack.

"I must be ready for a surprise," he said; "if attacked, I could get away if it is on my back. Otherwise I could not."

Events proved the soundness of his judgment, for midnight found him a prisoner in the hands of Indians, who had been attracted by the light of his fire.

They did not offer him any violence, but bandished tomahawks all about him.

"What do you want?" he asked of their chief.

"Want you!" was the reply.

"What for?"

"Find out. Whar you from, eh?"

"New York."

"Whar going?"

"California."

"Heap big lie."

"You are a liar—what do you know about me?"

"How come? Whar hoss?"

"I came on the wing. I fly like the eagle."

"Heap big lie!" exclaimed the chief, with indignant emphasis.

"You want to see me fly?" Horace asked.

"Yes."

Horace took down his tent, coolly rolled it up and placed it where it belonged, the Indians watched him with curious interest the while.

When ready he touched the elevator spring. The snap caused some of the redskins to start and step back. When it commenced revolving they opened their eyes in consternation. When he commenced going up the chief gave a yell and seized him by the foot.

Horace carried him up with him.

The welken rang with yells.

"You're a dead Indian!" cried Horace, drawing his revolver as the savage held on for life.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RENEGADE—CAPTIVE MAIDEN—THE RESCUE.

THE chief proved to be a renegade white man, who was not subject to the superstitions of his dusky followers; hence, the moment he saw Horace escaping his clutches, he sprang forward and grasped him by the left foot.

His weight was much greater than Horace's, and for a moment the elevator trembled as Horace worked the treadle with all the energy he could throw into the other foot.

But at last the elevator seemed to gather new strength, and rose up above the tree-tops, a slight breeze carrying them over the river.

Horace felt the strain on his leg and knew he could not stand it five minutes.

He drew his revolver and aimed at the desperado's head.

"You can let go and drop down into the river," he said, "or catch a bullet in your head!"

The chief looked down at the water a hundred feet below, and then up at the revolver.

"I'll let go—but—but——"

"But what?" Horace asked.

"Can't you come down—half way?"

"Not an inch. I am going higher."

With a howl that echoed far up and down the river, the villain let go his hold and shot downwards, feet foremost, into the river. An answering yell went up from the savages on the bank.

Horace heard the fearful splash, but could see nothing definite, as he went upward with great velocity on being relieved of the double weight.

"He won't catch another bird by the leg," chuckled Hor-

ace, "nor any other of the gang. Wish I could have ducked the whole crowd for breaking up my camp. What am I to do now? Hanged if I don't think it would be safer to sleep out in the open prairie, and I'm going to try it."

Spreading his wings, he flew westward some ten or fifteen miles, and then descended into the open plain, pitched his tent to keep off the dew, and prepared to resume his nap.

When he awoke, he opened the door of the tent, and found the sun shining brightly, being over an hour high.

"What a magnificent scene!" he exclaimed, as he looked around at the boundless extent of the prairie. "It seems like an ocean of land, so gently rolling away in the distance, like the ground swells of old ocean. But how about breakfast! No water, no fuel, no game."

He struck his tent, rolled it up, and started, gun in hand, to tramp a mile or two through the grass, in the hope of being able to scare up some kind of game. He did not have far to go ere he was startled by the sudden arising of a flock of prairie chickens.

Quickly raising his gun, he brought down one on the wing.

"That'll do for breakfast," he said, as he went forward and picked it up. "I'll follow, and get another for dinner."

Patiently trudging along through the grass, he came up with the flock again, and secured another.

"Oh, I won't starve on this trip," he chuckled. "Here goes for another!" and as one of the chickens flew over him he fired and brought it down.

"Enough to last two days. Now for a place to cook them."

Securing the game in the lunch basket which he had attached to the frame of the pack, he was about to touch the elevator spring when his eye caught sight of several horsemen bearing down upon him at full speed.

"Oh, ho! more redskins! I'll give 'em something to do this time."

He saw five horsemen, and straining his eyes he could see a larger number at a greater distance, who were apparently waiting for those five to pick him up and rejoin them.

When they were within one hundred yards of him Horace commenced going up.

The astonished redskins reined up their horses, and glared as if the ghosts of their ancestors were rising out of the ground before them.

Horace spread out his wings and gave a whoop.

The five redskins wheeled their horses, and sped away as fast as their steeds could carry them.

Horace gave chase, and never before since the Indians roamed the plains did redskins ever make such speed. They were utterly demoralized, believing the great winged monster to be some supernatural power—an evil spirit.

mile after mile were passed, and the main body—perhaps fifty in number, caught the demoralization and dashed away at the top of their speed, going northward.

But one of their number lagged behind, though his pony was doing his best to keep up with the others.

Horace swooped down upon him with a yell, and made a grab at his scalp-lock.

The terror-stricken savage slipped down almost under the pony's belly, though going at full speed.

The expression of his face was such as to cause Horace to burst into a loud laugh.

A more frightened look could never be imagined.

It was a combination of terror and utter demoralization.

The pony seemed to partake of his master's despair.

He snorted, reared, plunged, and almost flew over the plains.

At last, when Horace swooped so low as to touch him, the faithful pony made a last desperate plunge and dropped dead.

With a howl of despair, the Indian took to his heels, and fairly flew over the prairie, running in a zigzag sort of way.

Horace chased him, frequently catching him by the hair and cutting off handfuls of it.

Finally the redskin fell, burying his face in the grass, and lying motionless, as if dead.

But Horace knew very well that he was not dead. He was only scared.

He alighted near him, pistol in hand, and spoke to him.

"You are a bad Indian," he said. "The flying people will come and destroy all the bad Indians. Go tell your people to steal no more horses, take no more scalps, or the Great Spirit will send his flying people to destroy them all," and with that Horace arose in the air again, keeping his eye on him as he ascended.

When up a considerable distance he saw the fellow lift up his head and look around. Not seeing his pursuer, he looked up, sprang to his feet, gazed steadily after the flying mystery, and then threw himself on the ground again in an attitude of adoration.

"Ha—ha—ha!" laughed Horace, now half a mile up in the air. "That redskin will never forget that racket. He'll be a great medicine man among his people after this, for he'll tell them a big yarn the 'Great Spirit' gave to him, and the fools will believe him. But it'll make 'em behave themselves for a while, anyhow."

Seeing the others a long way off, Horace turned his course westward and tried to see how fast he could go. The wind was in his favor, and in a very short time the scene of his adventure with the Indians was far behind in the dim distance.

CHAPTER XVII.

MEETING OF FATHER AND CHILD.

THE great plain seemed like a vast level as Horace sped over it, reeling off mile after mile in rapid succession. Rivers were passed, herds of buffalo and the white covers of a few wagon trains were seen, and then the country, as he approached Colorado, became more hilly, though the mountains were still many, many miles away.

As he sailed along he espied an Indian village on the banks of a river, and brought his spy-glass to bear upon it.

"Nobody but women and children and old men," he muttered, as he gazed down on the village, still a long way off. "I guess the bucks are off on a big hunt. By my soul, if there isn't a white girl among the children. She keeps aloof from the rest, and looks sad and dejected. I'll drop down there and see who she is."

He commenced making graceful circles in the air, descending nearer the earth with each circuit.

At last the children saw him, and fled screaming to the wigwams.

The old men came out, but immediately retired, as did the old women.

Horace alighted on the river bank and walked deliberately up to the largest of the wigwams, knowing the Indians were too much demoralized to make any resistance or to attack him.

"The white child!" he cried, in a loud voice. "Bring her out—the Great Spirit wants to see her."

An old Indian led the child out by the hand. The savage was trembling with fright, and the girl, a pretty fourteen-year-old child, was as pale as death.

"What is your name?" Horace asked of the girl.

"Millie Morris," she replied.

"Where from?"

The old Indian gave her a sign, and she remained silent.

"Come here to me—I am your friend. What! You won't let her go? The red man will die if he opposes the man of the sky."

The old savage released her, and the child approached Horace tremblingly.

"My child, how came you here?" he asked, taking both her hands in his.

"They stole me away from my father's ranch up on the White River," she half whispered.

"When?"

"Last year, and the chief says I shall be he his squaw this winter."

"Do you want to return to your people?"

"Yes—oh, yes!" was the eager reply.

"Then you shall go," and Horace at once began lashing her to his side, she being too frightened to make any resistance.

When ready he turned to the Indian and said:

"The Great Spirit has sent for the child of the white man. He will punish the red man," and touching the elevator spring he placed his foot in the treadle and began to rise.

A cry from the girl, as she began to ascend, brought every man, woman and child out of the wigwams, who gazed up in wondering amazement.

Horace spread out his great wings and sailed majestically away.

"Don't be frightened, child," said Horace to the young girl.

"I am a white man who has invented a flying machine. I'll carry you back to your home."

"And you are not a spirit?" she exclaimed.

"Why, no! I am flesh and blood like yourself," and arranging the chair frame, he seated himself in it, and held her on his lap. "I am simply a smart young man, that's all. I can fly, you see, and that's what fools the Indians."

The young girl's astonishment was unbounded, yet she was singularly free from nervousness.

She seemed like one in a dream, yet did not fail to keep an arm around his neck in order to make sure of her position.

"Is there any danger?" she finally asked.

"None in the least. I can fly above the clouds with you, and be as safe as though we were walking on the ground."

"And will you take me back to my home?"

"Yes, if you can tell me where it is."

"Oh, I can do that. Oh, how glad I am! I know mama and papa think I am dead?"

"Were the Indians kind to you?"

"Yes, but that was because they were afraid of the chief whose wife I was to be."

"You would have been his wife, would you?"

"No, I made up my mind if I could not escape to drown myself in the river. I never dreamed that a man would fly through the air and take me away."

"No, I suppose not. Most people are surprised at seeing a man fly," and Horace laughed good naturedly.

"The Indians think you are the Great Spirit, as they know that a man can't fly—there! Look there!" And, pointing away to the southwest, she called his attention to a body of Indians with their horses, all lying on the ground at the foot of a low range of hills.

"What does that mean?" Horace asked, as he looked at the scene from the elevation.

"Look over beyond those hills," said she, "and you will see a little camp of whites with five wagons. These Indians are waiting for night to come so they can attack and capture the wagons, kill the men, and keep the women and children."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Horace, looking at the pale-faced girl. "How know you that?"

"I have heard them talk of such things," she replied, "until I know just how they do."

"I must warn the whites of their danger, and he turned in the direction of the little camp of whites."

He made several circles above the camp and saw the men, about a dozen in number, get their rifles and gaze up at him as though waiting to get a good shot.

When almost within rifle shot, he cried out:

"Halloo, down there!"

There was considerable commotion in the camp—everybody seemingly excited.

"I've got some news for you!" cried Horace again as he descended nearer to them, and in a few moments they began to realize that he was a man.

In a few minutes he alighted a short distance from the camp, and folded his wings into the pack on his back.

"Hold on, thar, stranger!" cried a gruff voice from behind the wagons. "Who mout yer be, anyhow?"

"I am Horace Mellville, of New York," replied Horace.

"I am traveling with my flying machine."

"By gum!" exclaimed the same gruff voice. "I ought ter know that gal—Millie!"

"Papa—papa! Oh, papa!" cried the young girl, running forward towards the wagons.

The owner of the gruff voice sprang from behind the wagons, ran to meet her and clasped her to his heart, whilst tears coursed down his bronzed cheeks.

"Millie! My child!" he sobbed. "Whar hev ye bin?"

"The Indians carried me away, papa, and Mr. Mellville flew down and brought me away to you! Oh, I am so glad! Where is mama?"

"Up at the ranch. She thinks ye war wiped out," and the old frontiersman pressed his child to his heart with all the father's tenderness and affection, while she hugged and kissed him and cried for joy.

The other men, women and children crowded around Horace to see his flying machine. But only the pack on his back could be seen, which aroused their curiosity all the more.

"See here," said Horace, as the father of the young girl he had rescued approached, "are you the guide for this party?"

"Yes."

"Did you know there was a band of Indians lying behind those hills back there watching you?"

"No."

"Well, there is, and that's what caused me to come down and see you. There's enough of them to give you trouble."

"By gum!" growled Morris, releasing his daughter's hand. "I'll give them some trouble," and the spirit of the frontiersman evinced itself in his flashing eyes.

"There are only a dozen of us," suggested one of the party, his voice faltering and face as pale as death.

"But we have repeating rifles," replied another.

"But they'll attack us in the night."

"Give me a couple of repeating rifles," said Horace, "and I think I can drive them all away."

CHAPTER XVIII.

SAVING A WAGON TRAIN.

THE proposition excited the liveliest curiosity, and the party crowded still closer around him to hear the details.

"How'll yer do it, stranger?" Morris asked.

"I'll fly directly over them and open fire on them, keeping up high enough to be out of danger myself."

"Kin yer do it?"

"Yes, of course I can."

"Give us yer hand, pard!" and Morris grasped Horace's hand in his with a hearty grip. "Yer saved my child an' I'm yer friend agin all ther world, I am. Hyer, bring me two of them 'ere repeatin' guns."

Two splendid repeating rifles, each carrying sixteen charges, were given to Horace.

"Be on your guard, now," said Horace, as he fastened the rifles to his belt. "They'll scatter as soon as they understand the danger, and may come this way, some of them, at least."

"Let 'em come," said Morris.

Horace then touched the spring, and the elevator shot up in its place, and responded faithfully to the working of the treadle.

"By gum!" ejaculated Morris, as Horace began to ascend, "I'll hev one o' them things or die!"

When Horace was up a good distance he spread his wings, and took in the elevator. Horace noticed that the Indians were greatly exercised over his presence, and were huddled together watching him.

Taking good aim with the repeating rifle he fired, and an Indian dropped dead with a bullet in his head.

The greatest consternation prevailed among them at once.

They crowded around him to see where he was hurt.
Bang! and another one got a bullet in his shoulder.
Bang! a back broken.
Bang! bullet in the head again.
Bang! another dead savage.
Bang! a bullet in a hip.

Yells of terror burst from the wretches, for they now knew where the fatal shots came from.

They fired their rifles up in the air, but he was out of their reach.

He continued to fire, and they dropped in quick succession, each giving vent to his death yell as he caught the bullet, unless shot in the brain.

They could find no place of refuge save under their horses, and there they hid themselves rather than mount and attempt to ride away in the face of such a terrible foe.

"Ha-ha-ha!" chuckled Horace, as he saw them huddling under their horses. "That's cruelty to animals with a vengeance. I hate to shoot the horses, but they must be driven off if I have to kill every horse they've got. Bang! There goes one, now!"

The wounded horse reared and fell back on his haunches, then plunged forward and fell, leaving his savage owner exposed to the rifle of his flying foe.

The terrified savage flew toward another horse, but a bullet brought him down.

Then howls of terror went up, as the savages saw that one by one their horses could be killed off and then themselves.

In their desperation they mounted their horses and scattered, going at full speed in every direction save the camp of the whites.

Thinking he had punished them enough Horace did not fire on them again, but let them go, knowing they were too thoroughly demoralized to ever think of attempting to attack the whites again.

He continued to sail around for some time, though, to make sure that the savages had gone clear away. He watched them until their horses seemed but little moving specks on the prairie.

When the last one had disappeared in the distance Horace returned to the camp to receive the thanks of the whites, who crowded around and overwhelmed him with their gratitude.

"By gum!" exclaimed Morris, the old guide, "they can't tackle that thing, pard."

"You are right. I can whip a regiment easily if I could carry arms enough. They can't well hide from me, you know."

"No. Did you make that thing, pard?"

"Yes, everything about it."

"Waal, I've got a good ranch up on White river, with lots of horses an' cattle on it. They're all yours, pard, ef yer'll put wings on me like them."

"That's a good offer, my friend," said Horace, laughing.

"If I were back in my shop in New York I might accept it. But as these are all the wings I have, you see we cannot trade."

"Yes, that's so," said the old guide, slowly, "but I'll go to New York, an' hev yer make me one, eh?"

"Yes, when I return from my present trip, I will try to make you one."

"Ef yer will, pard, I'll clean out every redskin atween heaven an' t'other place."

"Then I ought not to make it," said Horace, "as the Indians have as much right to live as you or me."

"No, darn 'em, they ain't!" was Morris's emphatic reply.

"I never saw a live good 'un in my life."

"That's so," assented half a dozen others.

The emigrants insisted on Horace staying with them, and, as night was coming on, he agreed to do so, and for the first time since he started on his trip, he enjoyed himself after a day's flight. There were several women—three of whom were young maidens of very interesting age—in the party, who exerted themselves to make it pleasant for him.

Millie Morris told the story of her experience among the

Indians, and Horace related some of his adventures on the wing, in both of which they were all deeply interested.

On the morrow he wanted to resume his journey westward, but Morris and the others begged him so earnestly to spend another day with them, that he consented, and a more pleasant day he never spent than when traveling along in one of the wagons with Millie Morris and two other young ladies.

They stopped to camp on the banks of a small stream, where there was plenty of grass for their tired stock.

During the day they saw signs of buffaloes, and were quite anxious to kill one in order to have a supply of fresh meat.

When they pitched their camp on the banks of the little stream, Horace took a repeating rifle and went up a thousand feet or more to see if he could find any buffaloes.

Away to the right, some five miles or so, he saw several black specks moving about on the plains, and at once started to see what they were.

"Buffaloes!" he exclaimed, leveling his spy-glass at them.

"I'll pick one out of that flock and give them some fresh meat for supper to-night."

In a very little while he was circling around over the buffaloes; the huge beasts never looked up, so busy were they feasting on the rich, succulent grass.

"There goes a calf," said Horace to himself, as he espied a smaller one following the others at a little distance off.

"He doesn't seem to be as fat as he ought to be, but he would be more tender than the old ones."

Circling lower and lower, Horace found himself within fifty feet of the ground, when the calf he was maneuvering to get a shot at suddenly raised its head and stared at him.

Horace raised his rifle quickly, and fired.

"To his horror the head fell to the ground, and a man staggered back from under the black skin, holding a gun in his hand.

CHAPTER XIX.

HORACE SHOOTS AT A BUFFALO AND HITS A MAN.

HAD one of his wings broken and sent him falling headlong towards the earth, Horace could not have been more astonished than he was when he saw what he supposed was a buffalo calf suddenly transformed into a human being, a white man at that.

The man himself was none the less astonished; he stared at the winged monster with the air and manner of a man gazing on the ghost of his defunct grandmother.

"What kind of a buffalo are you?" cried Horace, still circling around up in the air, all the real buffaloes having scampered off on hearing the shot.

"What kind of a bird are you?" demanded the other, his eyes almost popping out of his head.

"I'm no bird at all," replied Horace. "I'm the Flying Man."

"What be yer shootin' at me for, then, eh?"

"Thought you were a young buffalo," said Horace. "I am sorry. Hope I didn't hit you."

"But yer did," replied the man. "I'm hit in the shoulder."

"Hold on there till I come down," said Horace, and in a minute or two he stood by the man, whose hand he grasped in his, saying:

"I beg your pardon, stranger. I really thought you were a young buffalo. I had often read of you hunters creeping up on the buffaloes that way, but I never dreamed that you were one. Let me see where you are hit."

"I'm hit in ther shoulder," said the man, pointing to his left shoulder, where the cloth was torn by the bullet. "But look hyer, stranger, how 'bout that ere flyin'? Men don't fly much in these parts, they don't."

"No, they don't," replied Horace, laughing. "I guess I am the only flying man in the world."

"How do yer do it, stranger?"

"I made me a flying machine, that's all."

"Humph! that's enough. Whar ye from?"

"New York—bound for San Francisco," and Horace proceeded to examine the wound his bullet had made. He found that the bullet had merely grazed the skin, but so closely as to make a blue-black spot which, at first, is always more painful than a more serious wound.

"Why, the skin is not broken!" exclaimed Horace, delightedly.

"Is that so, pard!" cried the man. "Hanged ef I didn't think the whole thing was shot off! Give us yer hand, pard. Ye're a blasted poor shot an' I'm glad on it!" and the two men shook hands cordially for several seconds.

"I guess the shot would have killed a buffalo, though," remarked Horace, looking down at the buffalo skin and head the man had used for the purpose of getting near enough to the herd to pick out a good one.

"Oh, yes, of course you couldn't miss a buffler," and the man laughed good-naturedly. "But I've missed the one I wer arter, an' we ain't got no meat in camp."

"Where is your camp?" Horace asked.

"Back thar in ther timber," said the man, pointing to a locality several miles below where Morris and his party were encamped.

"Where's your horse?"

The man gave a peculiar whistle, and the next moment Horace saw a horse rise up out of the grass some three quarters of a mile away, and run toward him at full speed.

He was charmed.

"That's a well-trained animal," he said.

"Yes—he'll fight for me, too," remarked the man.

"Now wait here," said Horace, "till I kill you a buffalo. I want some fresh meat for my friends, too," and with that he commenced working the elevator treadle.

"By gosh!" exclaimed the man, as Horace went up, "that beats ther railroad an' tallygraft!"

"There they are, on your right," said Horace, as he caught sight of the buffaloes behind a low range of hills some three or four miles away. "I'll have one for you by the time you can get there."

Spreading his wings, he sailed straight in the direction of the herd, while the man put forward on his horse at full speed.

The huge, shaggy animals were quietly grazing beyond a low range of hills, little dreaming of the presence of man, their inveterate enemy, when Horace swooped down upon them.

Selecting a fine young cow, he dashed within fifty feet of it, and fired.

The ball went true to the mark, and the game fell dead where it stood.

Quickly firing again, he brought down another, and but for the appearance of the man on horseback would have shot another.

"Never kill more than yer need of this game, stranger!" cried the man.

"All right," replied Horace, "but I gness I've done that already."

"Mebbe yer hev," but it's done," and the man dismounted to proceed with the skinning of the game.

Horace was delighted with his dexterity, for no professional butcher could have relieved the buffalo of his overcoat quicker than did the hunter.

"You understand the business," he said.

"Yes, I had to, pard," was the reply, "seein' as how I've had to live on 'em."

"How much of this one will you take back to camp?"

"One hind-quarter."

"Then what'll become of the rest?"

"What yer don't take the coyotes will tend ter, I reckon."

"The coyotes! I don't see any 'round here."

"No, nor yer won't, nuther, but when night comes an' yer give 'em leave, thar'll be a hundred on 'em hyer pickin' these bones."

"By George! I guess I'd better take a good-sized piece with me, then!" said Horace.

"Yes, if you want any fresh meat," said the man, dryly.

Horace cut off about half of the hind quarters, secured it with a stout cord, and prepared to rise in the air with it.

"Say, stranger," said the hunter, "move yer camp down whar we bel!"

"I have no control over the train. That belongs to old Morris, the guide."

"Morris," exclaimed the man, in evident surprise.

"Yes," replied Horace, "do you know him?"

"Yes. I'll come up thar to-night, pard."

"All right. We'll be glad to see you," and Horace began to ascend.

The man stared at him in dumfounded amazement until Horace spread his wings and sailed away, when he mounted his horse, with his meat, and rode in another direction.

In half an hour Horace was over the little camp, and all the women and children were watching him with the deepest interest.

"Oh, there's the meat!" cried Millie Morris. "Buffalo meat! He has killed a buffalo!"

They all gathered around him eager to hear his story when he alighted. He told the story of his shot at the decoy buffalo, at which old Morris laughed with great glee.

"He says he knows you, Mr. Morris," said Horace, "and that he will come up and see you to-night."

At this Morris became serious.

He could not imagine who the man was, though Horace gave an accurate description of him.

Horace made up his mind that he would like to see those coyotes during the night, and hinted as much to Morris.

"Why not ketch one?" said Morris.

"How?"

"Lasso 'em."

"But I don't know how."

"Reckon yer kin l'arn. Jest drop a noose down among 'em and jerk it up agin. Ef they ar purty thick yer'll git one on 'em sure. Bring 'im hyer an' we'll hev some fun with the pesky varmint."

Horace took the long, slender lasso, which Morris prepared for him, and about an hour after partaking of supper with the emigrants, started away towards the scene of his recent adventures.

CHAPTER XX.

CATCHING A COYOTE.

THE sun had been some two hours or more below the horizon when Horace reached the place where the dead buffaloes were.

He could not see the spot from his height, but the short yelps and sharp growls of the coyotes told plainly where they were. He descended to within thirty feet of the ground, and saw a fighting, wriggling mass of at least half a hundred coyotes, literally covering the two carcasses.

Dropping the lasso in their midst only for a moment, he felt that one was instantly entangled in the noose.

He sailed away, and discovered that he had one secured around the shoulders.

How he yelped and jumped!

When he felt himself rising in the air he sent forth a cry of alarm that every one in the gang seemed to understand, for they instantly left off feasting, and ran wildly to and fro, as if uncertain what to do.

"Ha—ha—ha!" laughed Horace, as he arose higher and higher with his prize. "I guess you're the first of your tribe that ever met with such an adventure. Don't he wriggle, though! The fool would break every bone in his body were he to slip the noose!"

In due time he reached the camp.

"I've got one, Morris!" he cried out, as he circled around over the camp. "What shall I do with him?"

"Bring him down an' give 'im to me. We'll hev a fight with our dogs."

Horace descended, and the moment the coyote's feet touched the ground, he treated the spectators to some of the tallest leaping ever witnessed.

He would run to the end of the slender line, and then spring ten feet or more in the air, repeating the experiment as often as his feet touched the ground.

"Whoop!" cried one of the party, "don't he jump, though! Look out, there he goes again! Let the dogs get at him!"

Horace gave the line to the old guide, and at once folded his wings and laid off the pack.

"Go it, now, yer sneaking varmint!" cried Morris, giving the captive coyote the full length of the line.

Whiz! went the small, wiry animal, bounding up ten or fifteen feet when he felt the line.

"Catch him, old fellow!" cried another to his dog.

The dogs responded, and made for the libel on their race.

But if the coyote is the most contemptible of all the canine species, he is also the swiftest.

He has been known to actually smile at a dog chasing him.

He can trot faster than the swiftest greyhound can run.

There is only one animal that can show him his heels, and that is the jackass rabbit.

Old hunters never shoot at coyotes or jackass rabbits when they are running away from them.

Bullets can't overtake them.

So Horace's coyote ran away from the dogs to the end of the line, then sprang into the air, leaving the dogs pointing their noses skyward, waiting for him to come down.

He never came down where he was expected, and when he did he went up again.

"Well," exclaimed Horace, "that beats anything I ever saw. That fellow would make a man's fortune in New York. People would pay to see such leaping as that. Don't kill him. Keep him."

"Keep ther devil!" growled old Morris. "He ain't worth the room. I'll let them dogs chaw 'im up."

"No, no; shoot him!"

"Ain't worth the lead," said Morris.

Horace stood by the side of Millie and watched the frantic efforts of the poor beast to escape his doom, until he saw his strength failing him. Then, unwilling to see the dogs mangle him, he turned away and walked back to the camp-fire with the young girl.

"I shall go away to-morrow," he said.

"I am sorry," and the sad look in her eyes told how truly she had spoken.

"So am I. The best of friends must part, you know."

"No, I didn't know that," and she looked up into his face with an honest, artless expression that charmed him. "You are not obliged to leave us."

"Indeed I am. I must go to San Francisco, and then return to New York."

"But you will come back again, will you not?"

"I don't know. It's a long way from my home out here."

"Won't you come back and see her whom you saved from a cruel fate?" and as she bent her eyes full of tears upon him his heart was touched.

"Millie, do you want me to come?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, ever so much. I shall count the hours until I see you again."

"Then I will stop on my way back from San Francisco," he said.

"Oh, I am so glad!" and a bright, happy look came into her eyes.

Just then the wrangling of the dogs told that the poor coyote was no more. He had succumbed to the inevitable.

Morris and his men were returning to the camp-fire when the man whom Horace had shot at among the buffaloes entered the camp.

"Halloo, Bascom!"

"Halloo, Morris!" and the two old friends of long years

ago grasped each other's hands and shook for several minutes.

"Whar hev you bin, Bascom?" Morris asked.

"Down on the Colorado. Whar hev you bin, Morris?"

"Up on White River. Blast my eyes ef I ain't glad ter see yer, Bascom. Say, Sandford, fetch out that ere jug! Me an' Bascom is gwine to drink!"

Sandford brought out a jug of whisky and handed it to the old guide.

Morris drew the cork and passed it over to Bascom.

"Bascom, old pard," he said, his voice somewhat husky, "we hev fought and starved together, an' hed heaps o' hard knocks an' drinks, but we'll drink to it all again. Turn her up, pard. Look straight up thar whar them seven stars is peepin' at yer. Pull hard an' slow, pard, an' don't them stars out-blink yer. What! Yer ain't a temperancer, pard?"

"No, pard," said Bascom, putting down the jug after a strong pull at it, "but my skin won't hold no more."

"Just watch them stars, then, pard," and Morris turned up the jug and held it steady until Sandford thought he would surely empty it. When, with a sigh of infinite satisfaction he put it down, Sandford mechanically took it up as if to test its reduced weight.

"Now, pard," said Morris, "set down thar an' tell us yer story—thar's my darter, pard," pointing to Millie, who was still standing by Horace's side.

Bascom looked at the blushing girl and said:

"She is like yer, pard. I'll bet on her grit."

"So will I," said Horace. "She is all game."

Millie blushed scarlet, and looked happy, while her father related the story of her capture by the Indians, and rescue by the Flying Man.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN THE MINES.

EARLY the next morning Horace began to make preparations to resume his flight westward.

He shook hands with every one in the party, including Bascom, who had spent the night with them.

"Don't forgit, pard," said Morris, as he grasped his hand, "that yer hev promised to come an' see us up on White river. Yer hev got ther p'int, an' can't miss us."

"I won't forget, my old friend," said Horace, turning to shake hands with Millie the last one.

She was pale as death when he took her hand, but as red as a beet when he drew her to him and kissed her.

"I will come back again, Millie," he whispered, and the young girl was supremely happy.

Touching the elevator spring, he ascended to a good height and then spread his wings.

The sun was just rising over the low range of hills eastward, and the sight was grandly beautiful as he surveyed it from his elevation.

In a short half hour he was completely out of sight of those in the little camp behind.

The further west he got the more hilly the country became. Streams were more numerous, and great forests took the place of the prairie.

Mountains began to loom up in advance of him—the great, rugged mountains of Colorado.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "I shall certainly see some eagles now—the old bald-headed Rocky Mountain fellows. I must be on the look out for them. That must be Denver off over there. Ah! There's snow on that peak over there! It's something to be able to go where human foot has never trod before. I'll go straight for that peak, and see how it looks."

On his way toward the wildest part of the mountains he saw several eagles sailing majestically above him. As he approached nearer he heard several shrill screams, and soon a dozen eagles were hovering within rifle shot of him.

"I wonder if they will attack?" he said, getting his gun out.

The question was soon answered by an eagle swooping by within ten feet of him.

Soon several passed him almost touching him with their wings.

Bang! went his gun, and an eagle went tumbling earthward.

The noise of the gun in that high altitude was tremendous. The eagles screamed and scattered, giving him a wide berth, and he sailed on towards the snow capped peak, which he reached and circled around several times, actually touching the highest point with his foot as he skimmed over it.

Having satisfied his curiosity, he resumed his flight westward, passing mountains, valleys and rivers in succession until he came in sight of a regular mining town, which he knew by the descriptions he had read of the style of their shanties and the red shirts of the miners.

"Hanged if I don't stop there for the night," he said, as he looked down upon the busy scene.

His appearance was soon known, for hundreds of red-shirted fellows came up out of holes in the ground and stared at him.

Some ran out of shanties with rifles in their hands.

"Don't shoot!" cried Horace, and the consternation below was plainly to be seen.

"What ar ye?" cried a voice.

"A man like you," was the reply.

"Men don't fly," came back.

"Well, I do. Wait till I come down," and Horace circled around and around till he landed, when his wings were promptly folded up in the pack on his back.

"A flyin' peddler, by gum!" exclaimed a miner, within ten feet of him.

"Don't you bet on that, stranger," said Horace, good-naturedly. "I am just trying my flying machine. What place is this?"

"This is Gold Gulch, stranger," replied another. "Whar in hail Columby did you come from?"

"I've just come from New York. Am going to San Francisco."

"Flewed all ther way?"

"Yes, all the way."

The red-shirted miner looked around at his comrades, as if to see what they thought of it.

Every face was the picture of utter amazement. They seemed almost stunned.

"See hyer, stranger," said the red-shirted miner, "ef yer ar tellin' a lie, I've got the jimjams, for I seed yer flyin'. Ef yer ar talkin' straight out gospil I'm in for a big drunk. No man can fly over Jim Blanton, 'thout takin' a drink with him. Look hyer, boys. Kin a man fly?"

"We seed him, pard," cried a voice in the crowd.

"Yer did? Yer ain't er dreamin' now, eh? Wipe yer eyes an' wake up."

Dozens of miners actually rubbed their eyes and pinched themselves to test the question of the wakefulness.

"Give us yer paw, stranger!" cried Red Shirt, grasping Horace's hand in his brawny palm. "Come down to Pete's an' have a drink."

"Thank you," said Horace. "I never drink."

"Then yer won't never fly any more, young man," said the miner, drawing a seven shooter. "Yer have got to drink suthin' hot an' straight with Jim Blanton. Yer can't fly over me that way. Oh, no."

"Oh, well, one drink won't hurt me," laughed Horace, seeing the queer earnestness of the big, red-shirted fellow.

"Of course it won't. Come on, fellows!"

Hundreds of miners rushed pell-mell down the side of the hill towards a large double shanty where Pete Corley kept a bar stocked with the vilest liquors ever concocted.

They crowded inside, making room for Blanton and Horace, however.

"Hyer, Bill!" sung out Blanton to the bartender, "sling

out yer best pizen. My friend from overhead wants a nip of it."

Horace took a moderate drink, clinking glasses with Blanton.

"Now, if any man says yer ain't the whitest dove in the flock he's got me to lick," and Blanton slapped him familiarly on his shoulder as he spoke.

The excited miners crowded in until they were actually wedged in like so many sardines. No man could turn around, or go forward, or move in any direction.

Crash! went the counter before the bar.

"Git back, I say!" roared Pete.

"Git back thar!" cried Blanton.

"My machine will be ruined," said Horace.

Somebody fired a pistol.

The click-click of a dozen more were heard, and Horace turned pale.

He had often read of the reckless character of the men around him, and knew that a spark would set off the volcano.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "if you will pass out I'll show you how the old thing works!"

"That's ther game. Yer have taken the pile, pard," said Pete, gratefully. "Yer kin have a free ticket," and the excited crowd began a rush for the door. But the next moment a crash was heard, and Horace saw the whole side of the shanty give way.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ROW AT GOLD GULCH.

WHEN he saw the side of the shanty give way, Horace expected to see the roof come down immediately; but two posts in the center held it up, though it was lowered about two feet on the side of the accident, and men had to stoop as they passed out.

Wild hurrahs rent the air, and every minute hundreds were added to the throng of excited miners.

"Hyer, pard, yer have got ter fly," said Jim Blanton, clatching Horace by the arm. "Kin yer do it?"

"I guess I can," said Horace.

"Cause ef yer can't, ye're a dead coon," said Blanton.

"This is a pretty tough crowd."

"It's all ther style, pard. Ef yer kin fly, yer fortune's made."

"Make 'em stand back," said Horace, "and give me room."

"Hyer, boys, stan' back. Give 'im room ter spread his wings."

The crowd, now numbering over one thousand men, fell back, making quite a circle around him.

Horace touched the spring, sent up the elevator, and commenced working the treadle.

As he went up, murmurs of astonishment followed him.

"Up--up he went, until he was fully a mile high, when he spread his wings and sailed around and around as the eagles are wont to do.

Every miner in Gold Gulch was out gazing up at him.

Such a wonder seemed to knock their old time notions completely out of joint.

"I am not sure that it would be safe for me to go back down there," said Horace, "as they are a rough crowd, and some of them may want to kill me for the purpose of getting possession of my machine. Blanton will stand by me, though, I guess. But I don't want any more of that Pete's liquor."

The sun was sinking behind the Western hills when Horace descended.

There was a rush of miners to take him by the hand when his feet touched the earth; but Blanton was the first to reach him.

"It's a good claim, pard," he said, "a regular bonanza. Yer won't sell it, eh?"

"Oh, no, of course not; but I'll make some for sale when I go back home."

"Come down to my shanty, pard," and Blanton eagerly grasped him by the arm; "I'll stake out a claim with yer."

Horace went with him, followed by hundreds of miners, all anxious to inspect the inner machinery of his pack. But none of them, save a few of Blanton's intimate friends, dared enter the hut uninvited.

The first thing on entering was to drink.

Blanton produced a jug from under a rude bed.

"See here, my friend," said Horace, firmly, "I am not a drinking man. I drank with you up at Pete's because I didn't want a row. I'd rather eat lead than drink any more of that stuff."

"Waal, you can eat lead, then," said Blanton, coolly, drawing his revolver.

The thought flashed through Horace's mind that the burly miner intended to make him dead drunk, and then get possession of the machine.

He was quick in his conclusion and actions.

Seeing Blanton drawing, he flashed out his revolver, cocked and leveled it at his head.

Blanton was utterly dumfounded. He stared at the muzzle of the revolver, and then at Horace.

"Yer've got the drop on me, pard," he said.

"Yes," said Horace, "and I'll drop you if you move an inch. I want no trouble with you or any one else, but I'll kill any man who tries to bully me into eating or drinking, or doing anything I don't wish. This is a free country, where every man can do as he pleases, so long as he does not violate the law or interfere with his neighbor. Now, when I want a drink I take one, but not at the muzzle of a pistol, and——"

"Stop your chinnin' or shoot!" growled Blanton. "I'd rather be shot than talked to death."

Horace laughed, lowered his weapon, and extended his hand.

"That's all right," he said; "you understand me now, and I know you don't mean to interfere with my right to drink or not."

"Of course not, pard," replied Blanton, good-naturedly. "It's just a way we have out hyer in ther mines."

"Well, it's a bad way, and would put a man behind iron bars where I came from."

But Horace saw a look in the man's eyes he did not like, and resolved to get back to Pete's saloon as soon as he could.

The sun was now behind the hills, and Horace expressed a wish to see some of the place before it became dark.

"Wait and see it in ther mornin'," said Blanton.

Horace stepped outside the hut.

There were hundreds of miners there who instantly made way for him, for the word had been passed out that he had got the drop on Jim and backed him down.

He went direct to Pete's saloon, followed by the crowd, which whooped and yelled with unwonted enthusiasm.

Pete was busy repairing the damage to his shanty.

"Keep 'em off an hour, stranger," said Pete, "an' yer kin have a free run on my ranch."

The crowd kept surging to and fro, and pushing so close on his heels that Horace concluded to make an ascension and give them time to scatter.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a loud tone of voice, "I'll go up again just to show you how easy it is to fly."

When he was up out of range of pistol shot, he cried out:

"Good-bye, boys!" and spread his wings, determined to go elsewhere rather than risk his machine in such a rough population as that.

"Come back! Don't go, pard!" came up from a hundred throats.

But Horace had had enough of that crowd, and sailed away westward, though the stars were beginning to peep out.

"I'll fly all night," he muttered, "if I can't find a quiet

place to sleep. I'd rather take my chances with Indians and bears than with that crowd."

Mile after mile was passed, and the whole world below seemed a black mass, save where the stars were reflected back by some stream or pond.

At last he espied a light which seemed to resemble a camp fire, and hovering over it, he tried to make out what manner of men the campers were.

He could see several forms sitting or moving about, but not sufficiently plain to make them out, so he concluded to alight and approach the camp on foot.

After hunting around for some time, he at last found a place where he could settle down and fold his wings.

"Now for the camp," he muttered, and in a few minutes he was trudging along through a very rough, rugged, wooded part of a mountain side toward the camp-fire, glimpses of which he could see through the woods.

When within a hundred yards of the camp, the thought occurred to him that he had better get out his gun, so as to be prepared for any sudden emergency.

He had scarcely gotten the gun in his hands, than a fierce growl on his right startled him, followed by the breaking of twigs, as though some heavy animal was crashing through the bushes.

Turning squarely around and facing in that direction, he saw a huge black object rise up higher than himself within six feet of where he stood. He could not see what it was, but instinctively fired at it, emptying both barrels at once.

A roar followed, and the beast rolled over and over in the agonies of death, tumbling down the declivity further and further with each kick.

Pretty soon all was silent.

"Halloo there!" came a voice from the camp.

"Halloo yourself!" responded Horace.

"Come in, stranger, an' bring yer b'ar."

"Come out and lend us a hand," cried Horace again.

Two men made a torch and approached from the camp. Horace saw that they, too, were miners.

"What was it, stranger?" one of them asked, as he held up the light and looked at Horace.

"Hanged if I know."

"'Twas a b'ar," said the other, looking around him.

"He rolled down the hill there somewhere," remarked Horace, reloading his gun as quickly as he could.

The men looked around on the mountain side, and soon found an enormous black bear with half his head shot away.

"He's a big 'un, stranger," said one of the men, "an' would have chawed yer up if yer missed him."

"But I didn't miss," said Horace. "I never do."

"Good! What'll yer do with 'im?"

"Got any fresh meat in camp?"

"No, nor nothin' else much."

"Then we're in luck. Bear meat is good."

"Yes, yer kin bet it is."

"Cut him up then."

In a few minutes the two miners were taking off the skin, and indulging in anticipations of a savory bear steak.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MINERS.

HORACE stood by and watched the miners take the skin off the bear, cut off the two hind quarters and hang up the rest out of reach of the wolves.

Each of the two men took up a ham, leaving the skin on the ground for Horace to carry.

"Shall I bring the skin?" he asked.

"Yes, if yer kin," was the reply.

Horace thought he could and proceeded to take it up.

"Had anybody told me a bear-skin was so heavy I would have bet my last dollar against him," he said, at which the other two chuckled good-naturedly.

"A b'ar wears a heavy overcoat, pard," said the leader.

"Yes, and never complains of the cold, I guess," replied Horace, following behind them, bearing the heavy bear skin.

In a few minutes they reached the camp, where three other miners were waiting for them.

"Great b'ars!" exclaimed one of them, as the fine bear hams were deposited on a rock near the fire, "sich eatin' ez we'll hev ter-night! I say, pard, ye never were so welcome in yer life;" and he seized Horace by the right hand and wrung it until it ached up to his shoulder.

"I am glad to be able to pay for my lodging," said Horace; "I'll help you to eat it, too."

Six large slices were cut from one of the hams, and each man took a stick and held the steaks to the fire until they were well done, then coffee in tin cups and old-fashioned hoe-cakes completed the supper.

Being hungry, Horace thought it a supper a king might envy, and did ample justice to it.

He found them honest miners, prospecting for gold or silver, and that hard luck was in close companionship with them.

They were out of money and provisions, save a little flour and coffee. They now had plenty of fresh meat, and were accordingly in high spirits.

"But what in blue blazes ar' yer doin' way out hyer with yer pack, pard?" one of them asked.

"I am going to San Francisco," he replied.

"'Frisco!" exclaimed the man, in utter astonishment. "I reckon as how ye're lost, pard."

"I guess not. I'll get there in a few days, I think."

"Few days! Why, pard, it'll take yer a week ter git outen these woods."

"Oh, no, I guess not. I've come over two hundred miles to-day."

The five miners stared hard at him and then at each other. One touched his forehead significantly and shook his head.

Horace burst out laughing. He couldn't help it.

"I'll make three hundred miles to-morrow," he said.

"Oh, yes- you'll fly, I reckon," remarked one of the men, ironically.

"That's just it, I travel on the wing. How else do you suppose I came down here in the woods?"

"See hyer, pard," and the leader of the prospecters looked mad, "ef yer hed is cranky, yer kin talk as big as you please, but don't go for to cram such stuff down us."

"Do you want to see my wings?" Horace asked, springing to his feet and stepping out into quite an open space.

"Yes, spread yer wings, ducky."

He touched the wings spring and the great wings spread out to either side, making him appear like a great winged monster standing there ready to fly up among the stars.

The five miners sprang to their feet and gazed at him with speechless amazement.

"Do you give it up?" he asked.

"Who be you, stranger?" gasped the leader of the five.

"I am Horace Melville, of New York, the inventor of the Flying Machine."

"Kin yer fly?"

"Yes, like an eagle."

"That'll do," and the man stepped forward and grasped him by the hand. "I'll never say a man can't fly ag'in. I'll believe the story about the green cheese in the moon, after this."

Horace laughed and folded up his wings again, appearing like a peddler with his pack.

Of course they asked him a thousand questions about his wonderful invention, all of which he answered as pleasantly as he could.

They expressed themselves as under obligations to him for a supply of fresh meat, and showed him all the consideration in their power.

He spent a pleasant night with them, and on the morrow thanked them heartily for their entertainment.

"Now, you can see me fly," he said, after shaking hands with each of them and stepping out into the open space again. Touching the elevator spring and working the treadle, he as-

cended straight from their midst. He did not spread his wings until a good distance up.

Turning westward, he started off with all his speed, intending to make good time during the day.

"Colorado is a great country for rugged wilderness," he muttered, as he surveyed the grand panorama spread out before him. "But its people and wild beasts, so far as I have seen, are about alike. I would rather camp out alone than with such chaps as those Gold Gulchers. Those five miners seemed right clever fellows, though."

The day was fair and pleasant, and the wind in his favor, and evening found him approaching the plains beyond the borders of Colorado.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TURNING BACK THE INDIANS.

HORACE found a small settlement, where he obtained meals and lodging for the night, and early on the following morning astonished the simple-minded settlers by ascending from their midst.

The last he saw of them they were still gazing up after him in open-mouthed wonder.

He now saw patches of arid desert away on his extreme left, and knew that he was approaching the great Salt Lake basin.

"I'll stop and see the Mormons," said Horace, "and give them a little surprise. If I had some kind of disguise I'd play them a trick they would not soon forget."

About noon he saw a war party of Indians going southward, and gave them something to think about by hovering over them for a half hour or so.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed, "they are going to hold a council about it. I'd like to know what they think about it, anyhow."

After watching the council for some time, he concluded to alight on the top of a hill a quarter of a mile distant, in full view of the council.

The Indians watched him with breathless interest, and when they saw him quietly fold his wings and appear in the form of a man with a pack on his back, the whole council fell prostrate on the ground and remained silent and motionless.

"By George!" exclaimed Horace, "I believe they think I am the Great Spirit of the Happy Hunting Ground. They certainly would not offer me any violence under the circumstances. I'll go up to them and tell them to fight no more, but to go home and hunt the buffalo. I guess some of them will understand English."

He then deliberately walked toward the band, which still remained prostrate on the ground, and put on all the dignity he could command.

When within fifty yards of them he stopped, spread out his great silken wings, and cried out:

"My red children, the Great Spirit is angry with you. You must no longer go to war with each other. The time was when all the land was yours, and you were a great people. War and pestilence have made you but few. Go back to your villages and fish and hunt, but fight no more except in self-defense. Steal no more horses; steal no more women, and be friendly with the white man. I have spoken!" and immediately he began to rise, passing so closely over the Indians that they actually felt the wind from his wings.

Soaring to a great height Horace watched the effect of his speech on the savages. He saw them mount their ponies and turn their heads northward.

"Good!" exclaimed Horace. "I've done some good! Saved some scalps, and probably induced them to stop fighting among the different tribes. That alone will pay me for all this work and hard thinking."

Sailing away westward the last he saw of the band was when they were crossing a small stream, and wending their way toward the north.

"What a tale they will tell when they get home! A flying man gets away with them every time. Wouldn't it cre-

ate a sensation in Europe! Wonder if I can frighten the Mormons into giving up their polygamy system? Of course they would find out the sell after awhile, and marry more women for spite."

Just before sunset he saw a village ahead of him that plainly showed the presence of white men. The neat gardens, cultivated fields and pretty white cottages were a pleasing sight to the eye.

"It's a Mormon village," muttered Horace, "and I'm going to alight right in the public street."

The village urchins soon saw him and instantly spread the alarm. Everybody ran out on the streets and gazed up in open mouthed wonder.

Horace descended quickly and alighted in the most public street.

The populace fled in dismay.

"Be not afraid!" he cried out, "it is I!" not thinking that he had used the very words of Christ to his disciples when walking on the sea.

On hearing his words some ran shrieking through the streets; others threw themselves prostrate on the ground, and not a few old men and women knelt down and prayed.

CHAPTER XXV.

DRIVEN OUT OF TOWN.

"HERE's a go," said Horace to himself, as he saw the consternation he had created in the little Mormon village. "If I were in Salt Lake City now I'd give them a revelation that would make some of them sick. They're great on revelations, their Prophets are, I've read, and have had a good many of them. If I knew where to go for food and lodging to-night I'd give these chaps one now, but I don't, and that ends it."

Seeing an old man down on his knees not far away, praying with all his might, he concluded to end the farce at once by speaking to him.

"Old man," he asked, "will you be so kind as to tell me where the village tavern is?"

The old Mormon sprang to his feet and stared hard at him, rubbed his eyes and stared again.

"What's the matter with you?" Horace gravely asked.

"Who—who are you?" gasped the old man, his eyes opening wider every moment.

"My name is Horace Mellville, of New York. Have you a tavern or public house in this place?"

"But you—fly!" gasped the old man, paying no regard to the question whatever.

"Of course I do. Wouldn't you if you could?"

"But—but men don't fly!"

"You saw me fly, did you not?"

"Yes—but—but——" and the old man began to move away suspiciously.

Horace looked at him with a half smile on his face.

"Very well, old man," he said, "you will remember when too late, that you refused to show a stranger in your town the way to a public house."

"No—no—I will show you!" exclaimed the old man, now terrified beyond expression.

"Too late—too late," said Horace, turning away; "you could have entertained an angel unawares, but you would not," and he walked away, going down the street which seemed to lead towards the business part of the village, hoping to find a public house without asking any further questions of any one.

As he progressed, the villagers gave him the entire street, and rushed over to the old man to ascertain from him what the stranger had said; and his replies left them in still worse confusion.

In the public house he obtained a room, and gave an order for a substantial meal. When the meal was ready he came down from his room without his pack, to find every door and window packed with eager, excited Mormons.

When he had finished eating, a delegation of old men—

seven in number—waited upon him to ascertain his business in that part of the country.

"I have no business here at all," he said. "I live in New York, and am going to San Francisco. I never travel at night, after traveling all day, but stop over wherever I happen to be, and can find accommodation and sleep."

"You travel in such a peculiar way, young man," said the spokesman of the party, "that we cannot allow you to stop in this village."

"Why not?" Horace asked, greatly surprised.

"Because if you commit any crime here we could not catch you."

"Look here, old man!" and Horace's eye's flashed fire. "I am a law-abiding citizen of the United States; never committed a crime in my life. By what right, then, do you undertake to drive me out of the village for fear I will commit one? If I have the inventive tact to make a flying machine, I surely have the right to fly wherever I wish to go. Have I harmed any one in your village?"

"Yes. You have alarmed our women and frightened a month's growth out of every child in the place. You cannot stop here, young man."

"Not till morning?"

"No; you must leave at once."

"Very well, I will return when you least expect it, with the law at my back, and see if there is no compensation for this," and, going up to his room, he put on his pack and started down again; but before reaching the top of the stairs he noticed a small ladder that ran up through the scuttle to the roof.

"By George!" he muttered, "I'll give him the slip. They shan't see me go, the old hogs!"

He ascended the ladder and raised the cover, but found he could not pass through it with his pack on. So he stepped back and took it off, and passing it up through crawled after it, and then closed the scuttle.

"They'll wonder what became of me down-stairs, and miss seeing me fly," he said, as he commenced working the treadle with his foot.

He ascended, and spreading his wings sailed westward from the village. But he went scarcely two miles ere he saw lights which seemed to be about a farm-house. Descending, he found it to be a well-to-do farmer's place.

Walking up to the house he asked for entertainment for the night. The farmer was a Welshman who understood a little English—enough to understand when he was offered money for anything.

"Yes," he said, "come in."

Horace entered, deposited his pack on the floor and made himself at home.

There was a large family of women and children in the house, four women and about fifteen children.

"Mormons!" muttered Horace, as he gazed around at the group, when they again settled down after his reception.

Soon after a young girl about eighteen years of age came in and began playing with the children.

She was petite and pretty, and Horace could not help admiring her. She seemed greatly interested in him, and kept casting sidelong glances at him.

"What have you got in your pack, sir?" she finally ventured to ask of him.

"Nothing but my traveling apparatus, miss," he replied.

"You are not a peddler, then?"

"Oh, no. I am simply a traveler," and Horace smiled good-naturedly.

The other four women, the mothers of the children, sat near the old-fashioned fire-place chatting sociably together, but very busy sewing or knitting. So Horace watched his opportunity to join in the frolics of the children, two of whom at once proceeded to make a pack of him by climbing up on his back. They raised quite a racket, and he managed to get quite well acquainted with the young lady.

"Which way are you traveling?" she asked, in a half whisper, as the children raised quite a noise at the time.

"West. Why?"

She laid a hand on his arm, and looked around suspiciously at the other women, whispering:

"Oh, if I could only tell you!"

"Why can't you?"

She pointed with her thumb over her left shoulder at the four mothers, and shook her head.

"Do you wish to get away from here?" he asked.

"Yes—yes—yes!"

"Then be easy, for I can take you with me without the least trouble."

She shook her head and looked incredulous.

"You are on foot," she said. "They will catch us."

"I am not a-foot. The fastest horse or train in the world couldn't catch us."

She opened wide her eyes and stared.

"Get ready to start at daylight," he said, "or come to my room and wake me up whenever you think best."

"Do you mean it?" she asked, "and will you aid me in getting away from Utah?"

"Of course. Where do you wish to go?"

"All my people live in England, but I can earn my living anywhere if I can get work."

"You will not be afraid to go with me?"

"No—no! You don't know my peril here."

Pretty soon the farmer came in and engaged Horace in conversation, during which time the young girl assisted the mothers in putting their respective children to bed, after which she retired herself.

About daylight Horace felt a soft, trembling hand on his face.

He grasped and held it.

"It's time for you to get up, sir," said the young lady.

"Oh, is it you?" and he sprang out of the bed.

She dashed out of the room.

Horace dressed quickly, buckled on his pack, deposited money on the little table to pay the farmer for his keeping, and then slipped out to join the young English girl.

"Come," she whispered, seizing him by the hand, "let's get as far away as we can before any one gets up. I have a cold breakfast for us both."

"You are a brave, sensible girl," said Horace, passing around the house to the road with her. She almost made him run to keep up with her.

Out in the road they ran down into a patch of woods where they were out of sight from the house.

"Now I guess we had better stop," said Horace. "I don't travel much on foot. I'd rather fly."

"Oh, would to Heaven you could!" exclaimed the young girl, wringing her hands.

"I can, and carry you, too," said he. "Do you see this pack on my back?"

"Yes."

"Well, that is a flying machine. Now are you brave enough to fly with me?"

"Yes, if you promise to carry me safely."

"That I will do. Come here, close to my side."

She placed herself alongside of him and suffered him to strap her to his side.

"Now don't be frightened, for I have flown thousands of miles."

"I won't be frightened as long as I am tied to you," said she. "Oh, if they should catch me again!"

"Have you tried to get away before this?"

"Yes, and they caught and carried me back."

"Be easy," and Horace sent up the elevator, worked the treadle, and in another minute they were ascending above the tree tops.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FLIES AWAY WITH A MORMON BRIDE-ELECT.

THE young girl clung to him as for dear life, and Horace kept assuring her of perfect safety.

"I am nervous," she cried, "but not afraid. I would

rather fall and be dashed to pieces than go back home down there."

"You will not have to do either, my dear girl," said Horace, spreading out his wings and adjusting the steel-framed chair, into which he seated himself and hoisted her around into his lap.

During the morning he told her all about his wonderful invention, and of his adventures since he first began to fly, during which she regained her spirits and laughed heartily.

Taking out the cold lunch she had put up before leaving the Mormon's house, she spread it in her lap and they both ate heartily of it.

Horace looked at his watch and found that he had been five hours on the wing.

"Do you know how far we are from your last home?" he asked.

"No, I do not."

"We have traveled over one hundred and fifty miles since we started."

"What!"

"True, every word of it. By sunset we will be three hundred miles away, so you see pursuit would be impossible."

"Oh, I am safe from them, and I ask no more."

When sunset approached they began to look about for quarters for the night. It was in a section where a white did not live within fifty miles.

They kept on, keeping a good lookout for a habitation of some sort. But everything was blank in that respect.

"There's a stream over there," said Horace, pointing off to the right, "and we may as well drop down over there and get some water and cook supper."

"But what have we got to cook?" the girl asked.

"I see some fowls flying about, and a couple of them will do, I guess."

Horace sent up the elevator and set it going; then folded the wings and thus let himself down gradually.

"Unstrap me, please," said his companion, and the next minute she was free, tripping and dancing about in the gayest of spirits.

Taking out his gun, Horace soon brought down a brace of large quail.

Nettie, for such was her name, ran forward, picked them up and began to scatter the feathers with the rapidity of a machine.

Horace gathered brush, made a fire and pitched his little tent close by.

"Why, what else have you got with you?" exclaimed Nettie, on seeing the tent.

"I am an old traveler, you see," and Horace smiled as he went down to the stream for water, some of which he brought to her.

"We will have to camp here," he said. "You can occupy the tent and I will lie on the grass by the fire."

"You are so kind that I don't know how to thank you. But I will prove my gratitude some time in the future."

"Never mind about that. How delightful those birds smell! You are a splendid cook."

"I am glad you think so. I can cook anything. I believe."

They ate a hearty supper and then sat and talked until they were sleepy, and then Nettie Howard retired within the little tent, and Horace stretched himself at full length on the grass.

Soon they were both asleep, and slept soundly until daylight.

She was the first to wake up, and came out of the tent, when she made up the fire.

"Ah, you are an early riser, Nettie!" exclaimed Horace on seeing her.

"Yes; I slept soundly, though."

He sprang up, went down to the stream with her, where they both bathed their hands and faces. Horace then took his gun and went in search of quail, of which he soon shot some half dozen or more.

Nettie prepared and cooked with the greatest skill and celerity all the birds, so they would have provisions for the day.

"You beat all the girls for cooking I ever saw, Nettie," said Horace, as he began eating. "If I were going to make a trip round the world I would want to take you with me."

"I'm afraid we would both get tired of eating game without bread or coffee," she replied, with practical good sense.

Horace laughed.

"This is my first long trip from home. Of course I would be better prepared next time."

"Yes, of course, but one could live this way, though," and as they ate they chatted pleasantly.

"There's no dishes to wash up," laughed Nettie.

"Nor kitchen to sweep out," added Horace. "But we'll fold the tent and prepare to wing our flight toward the West."

She assisted him to put the tent away, and then allowed him to strap her to his side again.

As they rose up in the air they espied a small band of Indians creeping through the grass towards their little camp.

"By George, we were off just in time, Nettie!" exclaimed Horace.

"Yes; oh, I'm so glad!"

In a few minutes the Indians were out of sight, for, with Nettie sitting comfortably in his lap, Horace was sailing away towards the Rocky Mountains with the speed of an eagle.

We will not follow them in their adventures, but say that they reached San Francisco two days later, where they alighted on the outskirts of the city after dark, and then took the street cars. Putting up at a hotel, Horace told the story of the young English girl to the proprietor, saying nothing about his flying machine.

"There is an Englishman and his wife stopping here," said the landlady, "and a few days ago they received notice from their maid that she was going to marry and remain in San Francisco. They may wish to engage another."

So they did. Nettie was engaged at once, with the promise of going back to England in the winter.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BIG WAGER—MILLIE MORRIS AGAIN.

HORACE spent several days roaming about the city, seeing the sights and visiting places of interest.

Wherever he went he heard comments on the accounts in the papers about the mystery of the "Flying Man," and the universal opinion was that the papers lied.

Said one:

"No man has ever invented a successful flying machine. It is contrary to all natural law."

"I have seen one, sir," said Horace, modestly, to the man. They were at the hotel at the time.

"Eh! what's that?"

"I've not only seen one, sir," said he, "but I have flown a mile high in one of them."

"I don't believe you, sir," was the blunt rejoinder, as the man eyed him from head to foot.

"Do you wish to wager anything that I can't produce a machine to-morrow at noon with which I can fly above the city, across the bay or go a mile high with it?"

"Yes," said the man. "I'll bet 100 to 1 on it, and for as much as you please."

"Let me see how much I have about me," and Horace examined his pocket-book to find that he had a little over \$200 in his possession. "Here, I will put up \$200 with the landlord. Cover it."

The man promptly wrote his check for \$20,000, and handed it to the landlord, who took both as stakeholder.

Of course the wager was the topic of conversation during the balance of the evening, and hundreds of questions were put to Horace.

"Who is your man?" a sportsman asked.

"I will do the flying myself," was the quiet reply.

"Have you any more money you would like to put up on it?"

"Nothing but my watch here."

"How much is it worth?"

"It was given me by my mother. I will not put it up."

The next morning Horace found the young English girl, Nettie Howard, pawning a ring for \$10, which she had bet against \$1,000.

"Good for you, Nettie! I wish you had a thousand to put up."

"So do I."

At noon, precisely, there were several hundred people gathered in front of the hotel to witness the attempt to fly.

Horace went out with his pack on his back, and at once sent up the elevator, worked the treadle, and slowly arose in the air, followed by a wild cheer from the mob. When up about a hundred yards, he spread his wings and took down the elevator. Then crying out to those below to say whether or not he was flying, was answered back:

"Yes," from a thousand throats.

Around and around he sailed, going higher and higher, until he was considerably more than a mile high. Then he crossed over the bay and back, and, after sailing over every portion of the city, making the Chinese believe he was the great dragon that tackled the sun or moon during an eclipse, he descended in front of the hotel again, when an immense crowd rushed to see him.

Dashing into the house he had the pack locked up in the baggage room of the hotel.

"Do you give it up?" he asked of the man who had made the bet with him.

"Yes, d—n you! Where did you get that thing?"

"Invented and made it myself."

"How much did it cost you?"

"I expended about \$1,000 on it, I believe."

"I will give you \$10,000 for it."

"I've refused five times as much, sir. It's the only one I have. I've just made \$20,000 with it, you see."

The man turned away, very sore over his loss.

The landlord got the check cashed and gave the money to Horace.

Nettie Howard got her thousand, and was the happiest little maiden in San Francisco.

"Now I can go home to England as a lady," she said, "and not as a servant. I never was a servant in my life, and don't want to be."

"Is it necessary you should go to England at all?" Horace asked.

"No; only I regard that as my home," she replied.

"Go to New York and go into business. A girl with your ready tact can make a fortune there."

"I will do just as you say."

After spending another week about San Francisco, Horace prepared to return to New York. Nettie was to go by rail in charge of the Englishman and his wife, while Horace went on the wing.

On the way back Horace hunted up the home of Morris, the old guide, in order to keep his promise to Millie. He succeeded in finding the mountain by which he was to know that part of the country, and proceeded to circle around, sweeping the country with his spy-glass. At last he saw a ranch off on his right, and some one waving signals to him with something white.

"By George!" he exclaimed, peering through his glass, "that's Millie herself!"

He immediately swooped down upon the ranch, and as he alighted Millie ran plump into his arms, hugging and kissing him at a fearful rate.

"Why, you must be really glad to see me, Millie!" he exclaimed, giving her a first-class hug.

"Glad to see you! Why, I've looked for you every day,

and dreamed of you every night," she replied, with enthusiastic frankness.

"Oh, you shouldn't think so much of a young man," said Horace, gravely.

"Couldn't help it. Every young man can't fly."

"But I might fly away with you."

"I wouldn't care if you did."

Horace looked keenly in her eyes, and saw that the open-hearted young girl had fallen in love with him. He thought of Sadie and Essie, and his sister Laura, wondering what they would think of his falling in love with Millie Morris, who was as pretty as any of them, but so unsophisticated and countrified.

She looked lovingly up into his face and asked:

"Did you have a good time?"

"Yes, a splendid time. Here, I have a present for you," and giving her a package, she hastily unrolled it, giving a scream of delight as she beheld material for three dresses and some handsome jewelry.

How her eyes sparkled!

It seemed like a small fortune to her. She had never possessed such things before. In a little silk purse she found one hundred dollars in gold.

"Oh, you are so good!" she cried, throwing her arms about his neck and kissing him again, just as her mother came out to join her.

"Millie—Millie!" cried her mother. "Who in the world are you hugging and kissing so?"

"Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed; "this is Mr. Melville, the 'Flying Man.'"

Mrs. Morris was surprised, and almost smothered him with her thanks for having saved her daughter from the Indians.

"Come into the house," she said, "and rest, for I know you are tired and hungry."

"I am not tired," he said, following mother and daughter into the house, "but I am both thirsty and hungry."

Millie seized a pail and flew out of the door, hastened to the spring below the little hill, and soon returned with it full of pure, cold water.

Mrs. Morris soon had dinner ready for him, and his hunger was satisfied.

"Where is Mr. Morris?" he asked.

"He went down the canyon last week," Mrs. Morris replied, with a troubled look on her face, "and hasn't come back yet."

"You are uneasy about him," said Horace. "Have you any reason to be?"

"Yes. He was to have returned three days ago. The Indians have been troublesome below for some time."

"I will go in search of him, then, as soon as I am rested, and won't give up till I find him, dead or alive."

Mrs. Morris burst into tears, and Millie hugged him again, whispering in his ear:

"Let me go with you?"

"No—no, stay with your mother."

An hour later Horace spread his wings and arose in the air, turning southward and sailing grandly away, with the mother and daughter gazing at him from below.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A SEARCH ON THE WING.

THE Flying Man had a big job on hand, and had but little idea how he was going to work it. In that vast country one hundred miles was not considered a great way off for one to wander. How then could Horace expect to find the old guide in such a widespread scope of country, having no chart to steer by, or information as to the direction he had gone, save the vague word "southward?"

Yet he arose to the elevation of a thousand feet, and sailed slowly along, sweeping the horizon in every direction, stretching mile upon mile on either hand.

He thought that if the old guide should see him he would wave signals of some kind to him.

The day passed, and yet nothing of the old guide was seen. He scanned every face upturned to him through his spy-glass, and, therefore, knew that Morris was not among them.

Night came on, and he concluded to alight near a large sheep ranch. Alighting about half a mile away from the house, he walked the rest of the way.

Several huge dogs ran furiously at him as he approached the house. He would have been compelled to use his revolver on them had not a heavy-bearded man came out and called them off in a gruff voice.

"Halloo, stranger?" greeted Horace, approaching him.

"Halloo yourself!" growled the man. "Who are you, and what do you want here?"

"I am a traveler, sir, and seek lodging for the night, for which I am both able and willing to pay," replied Horace.

"What the devil are you traveling around here for? You can't stay here."

"Indeed! Can you tell me how far it is to the nearest ranch?"

"Seven miles, and on the other side of the canyon."

"And you won't let me stay here to-night?"

"No."

"Very well, sir. When you come up my way you won't come in," and Horace pointed significantly at the sky overhead, at the same time stretching out his great wings and rising almost over the inhospitable ranchman's head.

"Oh, Lord, have mercy on me!" cried the ranchman, his eyes almost popping out of his head with fright. "Come back—come back! Plenty of room!"

But Horace didn't like the man's looks, and, therefore, sailed away in the gloom of the twilight, leaving the man firmly persuaded that he had denied shelter to one from the mystic land beyond the grave.

The seven miles to the next ranch were soon passed over, and Horace saw the lights on the place.

He applied at the house for supper and lodging. The proprietor assented, and he laid his machine aside to partake of a substantial supper of beef, bread and coffee.

"Where are you from?" the ranchman asked.

"I am originally from New York," he said. "I am looking for Morris, the old guide who lives up on White river. He came down this way last week, and has not been heard of since."

"I know Morris. He has not been down this way since October, or I would have heard of him. But how do you expect to find him on foot, and with such a pack as that on your back?"

"I hardly know, sir," replied Horace, "but I am going to keep on till I find him, or ascertain what has become of him."

"Why, the redskins will raise your hair before you go ten miles below here!"

"How is it they have not raised yours?" Horace asked, with some degree of interest.

"Because we are always prepared to give them a warm reception," was the reply of the ranchman.

"Well, maybe I can give them a warm reception, too. I have a repeating rifle and a brace of revolvers."

"Ha—ha—ha!" laughed the ranchman. "They'd raise your hair so quick you wouldn't know what did it. You'd better turn back and wait for Morris to turn up."

"What have you for sale in your pack?" the ranchman's wife asked, as she and her buxom daughter gazed curiously at him.

"Nothing, ma'am," he replied.

They opened wide their eyes in astonishment. Horace thought he could read disappointment in the maiden's face.

"I only carry a few personal effects in it," he explained, "such as I need on a journey like this."

Thus apparently satisfied them, and the conversation soon became very general in topic. Horace soon found himself by the maiden's side, and telling her of the sights to be seen in the great cities.

"Yes, that is my home—or rather I live at Greystone, in plain sight of the city."

"How I would like to see it," she murmured, half to herself. "I know I would be charmed."

"Indeed you would, for there you can see the ships of all nations. Railroads run up in the air over house tops."

"No—no," she said, "that cannot be!"

"It is indeed the truth."

She mused a long time, and then turned the conversation to himself again, asking him a thousand questions as to his destination and future hopes.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A RANCH IN PERIL—THE PRIZE.

How long he slept he knew not, but when he opened his eyes he saw the beautiful daughter of the host standing by his bedside.

"Mr. Melville," she whispered, in a calm, quiet tone of voice, "the ranch is surrounded by Indians. Father and the men are out watching them. There will be a fight. You had better get up."

"Of course I will," he said, springing out of bed, "and take a hand in the fight, too."

To his surprise she took up one of his revolvers which lay on a rude table, and asked:

"You have two of these. Will you let me use this one?"

"Yes, if you will let me make you a present of it. You are not going to expose yourself, are you?" he asked.

"I am going to help drive those fiends away," she replied.

"It is me the chief wants, and the horses."

"Indeed! Has he ever seen you?"

"Yes, and asked my father for me last year. He has sworn to make me his wife at every hazard."

"You—you wouldn't marry an Indian?"

"No—never! I want a white husband or none; and he must be a gentleman, too," she replied, bravely.

"Do you know how to use a revolver?"

"Yes; I am a splendid shot."

"We will go out then, and see what the rascals are up to," and they went down the stairs together, with no light save that from the full moon outside.

They found the ranchman and his men, rifles in hand, watching the Indians. It was long past midnight.

"How many are there of them?" Horace asked.

"Too many, I fear," was the reply. "There must be two or three hundred of them."

"When are they going to attack?"

"I don't know—there comes one of them now to palaver."

"See here, my friend," said Horace. "If you can humor them and keep them waiting till daylight, I can either destroy or disperse them."

"How in blue blazes can you do that?" the old ranchman exclaimed.

"I have a machine in my pack that will do the work."

"How do you know it will?"

"Because I have done it before when things looked worse than that," replied Horace, promptly.

"I will trust you, for things look bad enough now," said the old ranchman; "you had better get back into the house till I see what that redskin wants."

Horace and the young maiden returned into the house together, leaving the old ranchman to parley with the Indian.

The Indian came boldly up to the gate of the ranch, and spoke in broken Spanish.

The ranchman replied, and asked:

"What do you want?"

"Jumping Buffalo wants the White Rose for a wife."

"Tell Jumping Buffalo to come to me when the sun shines, and I will let him talk to the White Rose. She is asleep now."

The Indian returned to Jumping Buffalo and repeated the answer of the ranchman. The chief was deceived. He sent word back that he would wait.

The old man went into the house and told his daughter.

"Mr. Melville says he can drive them away, papa," she said.

"But can he do it?"

"I believe him," she said, quietly, "and am willing to leave all to him."

"Thanks," said Horace, bowing politely. "I will scatter them to the winds, even were there a thousand of them."

"But how? Tell me how you will do it. I want to know."

"My friend, it is my secret. If I fail I will perish with you, therefore I have no motive for trifling."

"That is enough, papa," said the girl. "Let us keep a watch till daylight and then the crisis will come."

The old ranchman went back to his post, and Horace was left again with the mother and daughter.

"Will you tell me the secret?" she asked, laying a hand on Horace's arm, and looking up in his face.

The moon shone through the window on her heroic face. She seemed more beautiful than ever.

"Because you have believed and trusted me," he replied, in a low tone of voice, taking her hand in his, "I will tell you—tell you all. To-morrow, as soon as the sun rises, I will take my repeating rifle, and fly over the Indian camp, and—"

"Fly, did you say?" she asked, interrupting him.

"Yes, I will fly up high enough to be out of range of their rifles, and open fire on them. They will be so astonished as not to know what to do, and by the time a dozen or so of them are killed they will give up all thoughts of you and scatter in every direction."

The maiden looked him full in the face, and asked:

"Are you speaking the truth?"

"Yes, but I know it is hard for you to believe it. That is why I did not wish to tell any one about it till the time came."

"I believe you," she said very quietly.

"Well, I don't!" said the mother emphatically.

"You will at least keep the secret till sunrise," said Horace, smiling.

"Yes, of course I will," she replied. "But you are a crazy lunatic."

"Mamma."

"Hush, daughter—wait and see," said the mother.

"Yes, wait and see—that's all I ask," added Horace.

It lacked but an hour now to sunrise, and the time soon passed, for Horace sat close by the maiden in the moonlight repeating many choice poems from memory. She was charmed beyond measure, and readily believed him when he said he had flown all the way from New York.

At last the streaks of light in the east began to appear. It grew brighter and brighter and at last the old ranchman came in to remind him that it would soon be time for old Jumping Buffalo to put in his appearance.

"Then I will get ready to attend to them," said Horace, going up-stairs and putting on the pack.

He came down, looking like a peddler, and passed out into the yard.

The whole family followed to see what he would do.

Touching the secret spring, the elevator shot up above his head with a sharp click. It began to revolve. He shot up above the tree tops, and spread his wings to the morning air.

The exclamations of the ranchman and his men were indescribable.

He went up—up—up a thousand feet. The Indians did not see him until he was high up, and then they gazed up at him with a degree of interest that was exceedingly gratifying to the Flying Man.

Taking his repeating rifle he aimed and fired. An Indian fell dead, shot through the head.

The savages were thunderstruck and thought that the shot had been fired from the ranch.

Another shot and another savage fell. A third and a fourth gave up the ghost.

They began to run hither and thither, but that merciless

repeating rifle continued its deadly work at the rate of six a minute.

When ten of their number had fallen the band scattered, screeching like so many wild demons.

Horace followed overhead, and continued to pour death down upon them.

In ten minutes not an Indian was in sight. Jumping Buffalo was dead, and his followers were in full speed toward their homes in the far south.

Horace then circled around for half an hour, sweeping the country with his glass. Not an Indian was in sight. He then alighted in the yard of the ranch. The old ranchman ran forward and clasped him in his arms.

"Young man," he exclaimed, "if you will stay with me I'll give you a wife and a half interest in the ranch."

Horace looked at the girl. Her face was crimsoned with blushes.

"I can't stay," he said. "I must find Morris, the guide," and the girl quickly wheeled around and ran into the house.

CHAPTER XXX.

CONCLUSION.

THE old ranchman could never satisfy his curiosity about the Flying Machine. It was difficult for him to divest himself of the idea that there was something supernatural about it.

But he had seen Horace's work upon the Indians, and therefore knew the value of it in that out-of-the-way part of the world.

"Young man," he said, "you stay with me, and we'll make the biggest fortune in this country. I'll give you half my ranch, and——"

"That's impossible, my good friend," said Horace, interrupting him. "I have to return to New York when I find Morris. I will pay you a visit, though, and see what we can do, some time this fall."

After breakfast Horace prepared to take up the search for the old guide.

He took the maiden's hand, and said:

"I am glad I came, for I have saved you a horrible fate. Will you let me come and see you some day?"

Instantly a bright, happy look came into her face.

"Oh, will you come and see us again?" she joyfully asked.

"Yes, if you will let me," he replied.

"Let you! Why, I shall be ever so glad to see you!" she exclaimed.

"Till then good-bye. Keep that revolver in remembrance of our first meeting."

He then bade them all good-bye, and rose up in the air in the presence of all on the place.

His course was still southward.

He had an idea that Morris had kept along the river course for some purpose. Over a vast scope of country he could have an unobstructed view.

The day waned, and still he had seen nothing of the object of his search.

But just before sunset he saw smoke rising several miles away, oh his right on the river bank.

Bringing his glass to bear upon that point he saw something that aroused all his interest. It seemed to be a small camp of whites besieged by an overwhelming force of Indians, who were kept at bay only by the unerring rifles of the whites.

He turned in that direction and hovered directly over the camp. Someone was frantically waving signals at him from the little camp of the whites.

"That must be Morris," he said. "At any rate, I'll pepper those redskins."

Taking his repeating rifle again he opened fire on them. When seven of their number had fallen, the savages broke and fled, leaving the besieged free from molestation.

He could hear the shouts of joy that came up from the rescued whites, and he proceeded to lower himself to the

ground. Alighting within one hundred yards of the camp, Morris was the first man to come running to him.

"Just in time, sir!" he cried, grasping his hand. "I knew you as soon as I saw your wings! You have saved our lives."

"I am glad of that. I came by your ranch on my way back to New York, and there heard of your absence."

The other four men were hearty in their gratitude for the deliverance he had made for them.

"How did you get into such a scrape?" Horace asked.

"They came down on us and drove us southward two days, finally killing our horses. We fortified ourselves here, and fought 'em two days."

"Good! I came just in time, then. Now, how are you going to get back without horses?"

"Walk it," said Morris. "I don't mind walking."

"Well, walk up to Bowman's ranch. I'll wait for you there, and have horses ready for you," said Horace, as he prepared to return to the ranch where he had spent the night.

"Better camp here till morning," suggested Morris, and he concluded to do so.

The next morning he mounted on the wing and started for the ranch, where he hoped to secure horses for the party.

The old ranchman was surprised to see him back so soon, and the daughter seemed overjoyed.

"Did you find Morris?" he asked.

"Yes. They are a hundred miles down the river on foot."

"I'll send horses for them at once." And the generous old ranchman did, Horace remaining there for three days for them to arrive.

He spent nearly all that time with Rose Bowman, who seemed perfectly happy in his presence.

At last Morris and his comrades arrived on horseback, the ranchman's men meeting them down the river after they had tramped fifty miles.

They had a jollification over their rescue, and then resumed their journey the next day. Of course, Horace could not wait to travel on horseback. He resolved to mount on the wing and carry a letter to Mrs. Morris from her husband.

Again he took leave of the old ranchman's family—this time kissing Rose before her mother and father, promising to come back in the fall and see her.

He found Millie Morris watching for him. She waved a large white cloth as a signal to him, and he alighted by her side down at the spring.

She ran into his arms, threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him a dozen times.

"Did you find papa?" she asked.

"Yes; here is a letter from him. He will be here in a day or two."

Of course the letter carried joy into the household. Horace was feasted like a king; remained over one night, and then took leave of them, to resume his homeward trip.

Millie cried as though her heart would break. He promised to return within a month, and she dried her tears. He kissed her and left.

We will not detail his adventures between there and New York, for they would fill a volume. We will reserve that for another time, when his extraordinary adventures in another direction startled the world, and caused him to be regarded as one of the most wonderful inventors of the age.

When he reached the Hudson river, the stars were shining in a clear sky. He alighted on his father's place, at Grey-stone, quietly folded his wings, and marching up to the front door of the house, rang the bell.

A servant opened the door and instantly recognized him. She gave a glad cry of:

"Why, it's Mr. Horace?"

Laura was sitting at the piano, with Sadie Winthrop by her side. They both sprang forward for the first kiss of welcome—and got it?

[THE END.]

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